



THE
ORPHAN:
OR, THE
Unhappy Marriage.
A
TRAGEDY.

*Qui pelago credit, magno se fœnore tollit;
Qui Pugnas & Castra petit, præcingitur Auro;
Vilis Adulator picto jacet ebrius Ostro;
Et qui sollicitat Nuptias, ad præmia peccat:
Sola pruinosis horret Facundia pennis,
Atque inopi lingua desertas invocat Artes. Pet. Arb.*



L O N D O N:

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The DEDICATION.

I dare not think of offering any thing in this Address, that might look like a Panegyrick, for Fear lest, when I have done my best, the World should condemn me, for saying too little, and You Yourself check me, for meddling with a Task unfit for my Talent.

For, the Description of Virtues and Perfections so rare as yours are, ought to be done by as deliberate as skilful a Hand; the Features must be drawn very fine, to be like; hasty Dawbing will but spoil the Picture, and make it so unnatural, as must want false Lights to set it off: And Your Virtue can receive no more Lustre from Praises, than Your Beauty can be improv'd by Art; which, as it charms the bravest Prince that ever amaz'd the World with his Virtue: So, let but all other Hearts enquire into themselves, and then judge, how it ought to be prais'd.

Your Love too, as none but that great Hero, who has it, could deserve it, and therefore, by a particular Lot from Heaven, was destin'd to so extraordinary a Blessing, so matchless for itself, and so wondrous for its Constancy, shall be remember'd to Your immortal Honour, when all other Transactions, of the Age You live in, shall be forgotten.

But I forget, that I am to ask Pardon for the Fault I have been all this while committing. Wherefore, I beg Your Highness to forgive me this Presumption, and that You will be pleas'd to think well of one, who cannot help resolving, with all the Actions of Life, to endeavour to deserve it: Nay more, I would beg, and hope it may be granted, that I may, thro' Yours, never want an Advocate in His Favour, whose Heart and Mind You have so entire a Share in; it is my only Portion and my Fortune, I cannot but be happy, so long as I have but Hopes I may enjoy it, and I must be miserable, should it ever be my ill Fate to lose it.

This, with eternal Wishes for Your Royal Highness's Content, Happiness, and Prosperity, in all Humility is presented by

Your Most Obedient and Devoted Servant,

THO. OTWAY.

PROLOGUE.

TO You, great Judges in this Writing Age,
The Sons of Wit and Patrons of the Stage,
With all those humble Thoughts, which still have sway'd
His Pride, much doubting, trembling, and afraid
Of what is to his want of Merit due,
And aw'd by every Excellence in you,
The Author sends to beg you will be kind,
And spare those many Faults you needs must find.
You to whom Wit a common Foe is grown,
The Thing ye scorn and publickly disown;
Though now perhaps y^e are here for other Ends,
He swears to me ye ought to be his Friends:
For he ne'er call'd ye yet insipid Tools;
Nor wrote one Line to tell ye you were Fools:
But says of Wit ye have so large a store,
So very much, you never will have more.
He ne'er with Libel treated yet the Town,
The Names of honest Men bedawb'd and shown;
Nay, never once Lampoon'd the harmless Life
Of Suburb Virgin, or of City Wife.
Satyr's th' Effect of Poetry's Disease,
Which, Sick of a lewd Age, she vents for Ease,
But now her only Strife should be to please;
Since of ill Fate the baneful Cloud's withdrawn,
And Happiness again begins to dawn;
Since back with Joy and Triumph he is come.
That always drew Fears hence, ne'er brought 'em home.
Oft has he plow'd the boisterous Ocean o'er,
Yet ne'er more welcome to the longing Shore,
Not when he brought home Victories before.
For then fresh Lawrels flourish'd on his Brow,
And he comes crown'd with Olive Branches now:
Receive him! Oh receive him as his Friends;
Embrace the Blessings which he recommends;
Such Quiet as your Foes shall ne'er destroy;
Then shake off Fears, and clap your Hands for Joy.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Acasto, a Nobleman retir'd from
the Court, and living privately } Mr. Gillow.
in the Country.

Castalio, } His Sons. Mr. Betterton.
Polidore, } Mr. Williams.

Chamont, a Young Soldier of } Mr. Smith.
Fortune.

Ernesto, } Servants in the Fa- } Mr. Norris.
Paulino, } mily. } Mr. Wiltshire.

Cordelio, *Polydore's* Page. A little Girl.

Chaplain. Mr. Percival.

W O M E N.

Monimia, the Orphan left under } Mrs. Barry.
the Guardianship of old *Acasto*.

Serina, *Acasto's* Daughter. Mrs. Boteler.

Florella, *Monimia's* Woman. Mrs. Csborn.

SCENE, BOHEMIA.



T H E
O R P H A N.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter Paulino and Ernesto.

P A U L I N O.

TIS strange, *Ernesto*, this Severity
Should still reign pow'rful in *Alcasto's*
Mind,
To hate the Court where he was bred,
and liv'd,
All Honours heap'd on him that Pow'r
could give.

Ern. 'Tis true, he hither came a private Gentleman,
young and brave, and of a Family
gent and Noble, as the Empire holds.
The Honours he has gain'd are justly his:
he has purchas'd them in War; thrice has he led
Army against the Rebels, and as often
turn'd with Victory; the World has not
trier Soldier, or a better Subject.

Paul. It was his Virtue at first made me serve him;
is the best of Masters, as of Friends:
now he has lately been invited thither;
still he keeps his stubborn Purpose, cries,

He's

He's old, and willingly would be at rest:
I doubt there's deep Resentment in his Mind,
For the late Slight his Honour suffer'd there.

Ern. Has he not Reason? When for what he had born,
Long, hard, and faithful Toil, he might have claim'd
Places in Honour, and Employment high;
A huffing, shining, flatt'ring, cringing Coward,
A Canker-worm of Peace, was rais'd above him.

Paul. Yet still he holds just Value for the King,
Nor never names him but with highest Reverence.
'Tis noble that---

Ern. Oh! I have heard him wanton in his Praise,
Speak things of him might charm the Ears of Envy.

Paul. Oh may he live, 'till Nature's self grow old,
And from her Womb no more can bless the Earth!
When he dies, farewell, all Honour, Bounty,
All generous Encouragement of Arts,
For Charity her self becomes a Widow.

Ern. No, he has two Sons that were ordain'd to be
As well his Virtue's, as his Fortune's Heirs.

Paul. They're both of Nature mild, and full of Sweetness
They came Twins from the Womb, and still they live
As if they would go Twins too to the Grave:
Neither has any thing he calls his own,
But of each other's Joys as Griefs partaking;
So very honestly, so well they love,
As they were only for each other born.

Ern. Never was Parent in an Offspring happier;
He has a Daughter too, whose blooming Age
Promises Goodness equal to her Beauty.

Paul. And as there is a Friendship 'twixt the Brethren
So has her Infant Nature chosen too
A faithful Partner of her Thoughts and Wishes,
And kind Companion of her harmless Pleasures.

Ern. You mean the beauteous Orphan, fair Monimia?

Paul. The same, the Daughter of the brave Chamont
He was our Lord's Companion in the Wars,
Where such a wondrous Friendship grew between 'em
As only Death could end: Chamont's Estate
Was ruin'd in our late and Civil Discords;

There's

Therefore, unable to advance her Fortune,
He left his Daughter to our Master's Care;
In such a Care, as the scarce lost a Father.

Ern. Her Brother to the Emperor's Wars went early,
To seek a Fortune, or a noble Fate;
Whence he with Honour is expected back,
And mighty Marks of that Great Prince's Favour.

Paul. Our Master never would permit his Sons
To launch for Fortune in th'uncertain World,
But warns 'em to avoid both Courts and Camps,
Where dilatory Fortune plays the Jilt
With the brave, noble, honest, gallant Man,
To throw herself away on Fools and Knaves.

Ern. They have both forward, gen'rous, active Spirits:
Is daily their Petition to their Father,
To send them forth where Glory's to be gotten;
They cry they're weary of their lazy Home,
And chafe to do some thing that Fame may talk of.
To-day they chas'd the Boar, and near this Time
Should be return'd.

Paul. Oh that's a Royal Sport!
Yet may see the old Man in a Morning,
As healthy, come ruddy to the Field,
And there pursue the Chase, as if he meant
To overtake Time, and bring back Youth again.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Castalio, Polydore, and Page.

Cast. Polydore! our Sport
Has been to-day, much better for the Danger;
When on the Brink the foaming Boar I met,
In his Side thought to have lodg'd my Spear,
The desperate Savage rush'd within my Force,
And bore me headlong with him down the Rock.

Paul. But then---

Cast. Ay then, my Brother, my Friend Polydore,
Perseus mounted on his winged Steed,
Came on, and down the dang'rous Precipice leapt
To save Castalio. 'Twas a God-like Act!

Paul. But when I came, I found you Conqueror.
My Heart danc'd to see your Danger past!

The

The Heat and Fury of the Chase was cold,
And I had nothing in my Mind but Joy.

Cast. So, *Polydore*, methinks we might in War
Rush on together; thou shou'dst be my Guard,
And I be thine; what is't could hurt us then?
Now half the Youth of *Europe* are in Arms,
How fulsome must it be to stay behind,
And die of rank Diseases here at Home?

Pol. No, let me purchase in my Youth Renown,
To make me lov'd and valu'd, when I'm old;
I would be busy in the World, and learn,
Not like a coarse and useless Dunghill Weed,
Fix'd to one Spot, and rot just as I grow.

Cast. Our Father
Has ta'en himself a Surfeit of the World,
And cries it is not safe that we should take it;
I own I have Duty very pow'rful in me;
And tho' I'd hazard all to raise my Name,
He's so tender, and so good a Father,
Could not do a thing to cross his Will.

Pol. *Castalio*, I have Doubts within my Heart,
Which you, and only you can satisfy:

Will you be free and candid to your Friend?

Cast. Have I a Thought my *Polydore* should not know?
What can this mean?

Pol. Nay, I'll conjure you too,
By all the strictest Bonds of faithful Friendship,
To shew your Heart as naked in this Point,
As you would purge you of your Sins to Heav'n.

Cast. I will.

Pol. And should I chance to touch it nearly, bear it
With all the Suff'rance of a tender Friend.

Cast. As calmly as the wounded Patient bears
The Artist's Hand that ministers his Cure.

Pol. That's kindly said. You know our Father's Ward,
The fair *Monimia*; is your Heart at Peace?
Is it so guarded, that you could not love her?

Cast. Suppose I should?

Pol. Suppose you should not, Brother.

Cast. You'd say, I must not.

Pol. That

Pol. That would sound too roughly
'Twixt Friends and Brothers, as we two are.

Cast. Is Love a Fault?

Pol. In one of us it may be:
What if I love her?

Cast. Then I must inform you
I lov'd her first, and cannot quit the Claim,
But will preserve the Birth-right of my Passion.

Pol. You will.

Cast. I will.

Pol. No more, I've done.

Cast. Why not?

Pol. I told you I had done;
But you, *Castalio*, would dispute it.

Cast. No?

Not with my *Polydore*; though I must own
My Nature obstinate and void of suffrance.
Love reigns a very Tyrant in my Heart,
Attended on his Throne by all his Guards
Of furious Wilhes, Fears, and nice Suspitions
I could not bear a Rival in my Friendship,
I am so much in Love, and fond of thee.

Pol. Yet you will break this Friendship!

Cast. Not for Crowns.

Pol. But for a Toy you would, a Woman's Toy.
Unjust *Castalio*!

Cast. Pr'ythee, where's my fault?

Pol. You love *Monimia*.

Cast. Yes.

Pol. And you would kill me,
If I'm your Rival.

Cast. No, sure we're such Friends,
So much one Man, that our Affections too
Must be united, and the same as we are.

Pol. I dote upon *Monimia*.

Cast. Love her still;
Win, and enjoy her.

Pol. Both of us cannot.

Cast. No Matter
Whose chance it prove, but let's not quarrel for't.

Pol. You would not wed *Monimia*, would you?

Cast. Wed her!

No! were she all Desire could wish, as fair
As would the vainest of her Sex be thought,
With Wealth beyond what Woman's Pride could waste,
She should not cheat me of my Freedom. Marry!
When I am old and weary of the World,
I may grow desperate,
And take a Wife to mortifie withal.

Pol. It is an elder Brother's Duty so
To propagate his Family and Name:
You would not have yours die and buried with you?

Cast. Meer Vanity, and silly Dotage all;
No, let me live at large, and when I die----

Pol. Who shall possess th' Estate you leave?

Cast. My Friend,
If he survives me; if not, my King,
Who may bestow't again on some brave Man,
Whose Honesty and Services deserve one.

Pol. 'Tis kindly offer'd.

Cast. By yon Heav'n, I love
My *Polydore* beyond all wordly Joys,
And would not shock his Quiet, to be blest
With greater Happiness than Man e'er tasted.

Pol. And by that Heav'n eternally I swear,
To keep kind *Castalio* in my Heart.
Whose shall *Monimia* be?

Cast. No matter whose.

Pol. Were you not with her privately last Night?

Cast. I was, and should have met her again;
But th' Opportunity shall now be thine;
My self will bring thee to the Scene of Love;
But have a Care, by Friendship I conjure thee,
That no false Play be offer'd to thy Brother.
Urge all thy Pow'rs to makethy Passion prosper,
But wrong not mine.

Pol. Heav'n blast me if I do.

Cast. If 't prove thy Fortune, *Polydore*, to conquer,
(For thou hast all the Arts of fine Persuasion!)
Trust me, and let me know thy Love's Success,
That I may ever after strive mine.

Pol.

Pol. Though she be dearer to my Soul, than Rest
To weary Pilgrims, or to Misers Gold,
To great Men Power, or wealthy Cities Pride,
Rather than wrong *Castalio*, I'd forget her.
For if ye Pow'rs have Happiness in store,
When ye would show'r down Joys on *Polydore*,
In one great Blessing all your Bounty send,
That I may never lose so dear a Friend.

[*Ex. Cast. Pol. Marcell Page.*

Enter Monimia.

Mon. So soon return'd from hunting? This fair Day
Seems as if sent to invite the World abroad.
Pass'd not *Castalio* and *Polydore* this way?

Page. Madam, just now.

Mon. Sure my ill Fate's upon me,
Distrust and Heaviness sit round my Heart,
And Apprehension shocks my timorous Soul.
Why was not I laid in my peaceful Grave
With my poor Parents? and at Rest as they are?
Instead of that, I'm wand'ring in Cares.

Castalio! O *Castalio!* thou hast caught
My foolish Heart; and like a tender Child,
That trusts his Play-thing to another Hand,
I fear its harm, and fain would have it back.
Come near, *Cordelio*. I must chide you, Sir.

Page. Why, Madam, have I done you any wrong?

Mon. I never see you now; you have been kinder,
Sat by my Bed, and sung me pretty Songs:
Perhaps I've been ungrateful: here's Money for you:
Will you oblige me? Shall I see you oftner?

Page. Madam, I'd serve you with my Soul;
But in a Morning when you call me to you,
As by your Bed I stand and tell you Stories,
I am atham'd to see your swelling Breasts,
It makes me blush, they are so very white.

Mon. Oh Men for Flattery and Deceit renown'd!
Thus when y'are young ye learn it all like him,
'Till as your Years encrease, that strengthens too,
'Tundo poor Maids, and make our Ruin easie.
Tell me, *Cordelio*, for thou oft hast heard

Their friendly Converſe, and their Boſom Secrets,
Sometimes, at leaſt, have they not talk'd of me?

Page. Oh Madam! Very wickedly they have talk'd!
But I'm afraid to name it, for they ſay
Boys muſt be whipt that tell their Maſters Secrets.

Mon. Fear not, *Cordelio*! It ſhall ne'er be known;
For I'll preſerve the Secret as 'twere mine.

Polydore cannot be ſo kind as I.

I'll furniſh thee for all thy harmleſs Sports
With pretty Toys, and thou ſhalt be my *Page*.

Page. And truly, Madam, I had rather be ſo.
Methinks you love me better than my Lord,
For he was never half ſo kind as you are.
What muſt I do?

Mon. Inform me how th' haſt heard
Caſtali, and his Brother, uſe my Name.

Page. With all the Tenderneſs of Love,
You were the Subject of their laſt Diſcourſe.
At firſt I thought it would have fatal prov'd;
But as the one grew hot the other cool'd,
And yielded to the frailty of his Friend;
At laſt, after much ſtruggling, 'twas reſolv'd----

Mon. What, good *Cordelio*?

Page. Not to quarrel for you.

Mon. I would not have'em, by my deareſt hopes,
I would not be the Argument of Strife.
But ſurely my *Caſtali* won't forſake me,
And make a Mockery of my eaſie Love.
Went they together?

Page. Yes, to ſeek you, Madam.
Caſtali promis'd *Polydore* to bring him
Where he alone might meet you,
And fairly try the Fortune of his Wiſhes.

Mon. Am I then grown ſo cheap, juſt to be made
A common Stake, a Prize for Love in Jeſt?
Was not *Caſtali* very loath to yield it,
Or was it *Polydore*'s unruly Paſſion,
That heightened the Debate?

Page. The fault was *Polydore*'s.
Caſtali play'd with Love, and ſmiling ſhew'd

The pleasure, not the pangs of his Desire.
He said no Woman's Smiles should buy his Freedom;
And Marriage is a mortifying thing.

Mon. Then I am ruin'd, if *Castalio's* false.
Where is there Faith and Honour to be found?
Ye Gods, that guard the Innocent, and guide
The Weak; protect, and take me to your care.
Oh but I love him! There's the Rock will wreck me!
Why was I made with all my Sex's Softness,
Yet want the Cunning to conceal its Follies?
I'll see *Castalio*, tax him with his Falshoods,
Be a true Woman, rail, protest my Wrongs;
Resolve to hate him, and yet love him still.

Enter Castalio and Polydore.

He comes, the Conqueror comes! Iye still, my Heart;
And learn to bear thy Injuries with Scorn.

Cast. Madam, my Brother begs he may have leave
To tell you something that concerns you nearly;
I leave you as becomes me, and withdraw.

Mon. My Lord *Castalio*!

Cast. Madam!

Mon. Have you purpos'd
To abuse me palpably? What means this Usage?
Why am I left with *Polydore* alone?

Cast. He best can tell you. Business of Importance
Calls me away, I must attend my Father.

Mon. Will you then leave me thus?

Cast. But for a moment.

Mon. It has been otherwise; the time has been,
When Business might have stay'd, and I been heard.

Cast. I could for ever hear thee; but this time
Matters of such odd Circumstances press me,
That I must go----

[*Exit.*

Mon. Then go, and it's be possible for ever.
Well, my Lord *Polydore*, I guess your business,
And read th' ill-natur'd purpose in your Eyes.

Pol. If to desire you more than Misers Wealth,
Or dying Men an hour of added Life;
If softest Withes, and a Heart more true,
Than ever suffer'd yet for Love disdain'd,

Speak an ill Nature, you accuse me justly.

Mon. Talk not of Love, my Lord, I must not bear it.

Pol. Who can behold such Beauty, and be silent!
Desire first taught us Words: Man, when created,
At first alone long wander'd up and down,
Forlorn, and silent as his Vassal-Beasts;
But when a Heav'n-born Maid, like you, appear'd,
Strange Pleasures fill'd his Eyes, and fir'd his Heart,
Unloos'd his Tongue, and his first Talk was Love.

Mon. The first created Pair, indeed, were blest;
They were the only Objects of each other,
Therefore he courted her; and her alone:
But in this peopled World of Beauty, where
There's roving Room, where you may court, and ruin
A thousand more, why need you talk to me?

Pol. Oh! I could talk to thee for ever: Thus
Eternally admiring, fix and gaze
On those dear Eyes, for every Glance they send
Darts through my Soul, and almost gives Enjoyment.

Mon. How can you labour thus for my undoing?
I must confess, indeed, I owe you more
Than ever I can hope to think to pay.

There always was a Friendship 'twixt our Families;
And therefore when my tender Parents dy'd,
Whose ruin'd Fortunes too expir'd with them,
Your Father's Pity, and his Bounty, took me,
A poor and helpless Orphan, to his Care.

Pol. 'Twas Heav'n ordain'd it so, to make me happy.
Hence with this peevish Virtue, 'tis a Cheat,
And those who taught it first were Hypocrites.
Come, these soft tender Limbs were made for yielding.

Mon. Here on my knees by Heav'n's blest Power I swear,
[Kneels.

If you persist, I ne'er henceforth will see you,
But rather wander thro' the World a Beggar,
And live on fordid Scraps at proud Mens Doors;
For tho' to Fortune lost, I'll still inherit
My Mother's Virtues, and my Father's Honour.

Pol. Intolerable Vanity! your Sex
Was never in the right; y'are always false,

Or silly; even your Dresses are not more
Fantastick than your Appetites: you think
Of nothing twice: Opinion you have none.
To Day y'are nice, to Morrow not so free;
Now smile, then frown; now sorrowful, then glad;
Now pleas'd, now not; and all you know not why!
Virtue you affect, Inconstancy's your Practice,
And when your loose Desires once get Dominion,
No hungry Churl feeds coarser at a Feast;
Every rank Fool goes down----

Mon. Indeed, my Lord,
I own my Sex's Follies; I have 'em all,
And to avoid its Fault, must fly from you:
Therefore believe me, could you raise me high
As most fantastick Woman's Wish could reach,
And lay all Nature's Riches at my Feet;
I'd rather run a Salvage in the Woods
Amongst brute Beasts, grow wrinkled and deform'd,
As Wildness and most rude Neglect could make me,
So I might still enjoy my Honour safe
From the destroying Wiles of faithless Men.----- [*Exit.*

Pol. Who'd be that sordid foolish thing call'd Man,
To cringe thus, fawn, and flatter for a Pleasure,
Which Beasts enjoy so very much above him?
The lusty Bull ranges through all the Field,
And from the Herd singling his Female out,
Enjoys her, and abandons her at Will.
He shall be so, I'll yet possess my Love,
Wait on, and watch her loose unguarded Hours;
Then when her roving Thoughts have been abroad,
And brought in wanton Wishes to her Heart;
Ere very Minute when her Virtue nods,
I'll rush upon her in a storm of Love,
Beat down her guard of Honour all before me,
Surfeit on Joys, till even Desire grow sick;
Then by long Absence Liberty regain,
And quite forget the Pleasure and the Pain.

[*Ex. Pol. and Page.*

A C T,

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Acasto, Castalio, Polydore, Attendants.

Acast. **T**O day has been a Day of glorious Sport.
 When you, *Castalio*, and your Brother left me,
 Forth from the Thickers rush'd another Boar,
 So large, he seem'd the Tyrant of the Woods,
 With all his dreadful Bristles rais'd up high,
 They seem'd a Grove of Spears upon his Back;
 Foaming he came at me, where I was posted,
 Best to observe which way he'd lead the Chase,
 Whetting his huge long Tusks, and gaping wide,
 As if he already had me for his Prey;
 'Till brandishing my well-pois'd Javelin high,
 With this bold Executing Arm, I struck
 The ugly brindled Monster to the Heart.

Cast. The Actions of your Life were always wond'rous.

Acast. No Flattery, Boy! an honest Man can't live by't,
 It is a little sneaking Art, which Knaves
 Use to cajole and soften Fools withal;
 If thou hast Flatt'ry in thy Nature, out with't,
 Or send it to a Court, for there 'twill thrive.

Pol. Why there?

Acast. 'Tis, next to Money, current there;
 To be seen daily in as many Forms
 As there are sorts of Vanities, and Men;
 The superstitious Statesman has his Sneer
 To smoothe a poor Man off with, that can't bribe him;
 The grave dull Fellow of small Business sooths
 The Humourist, and will needs admire his Wit:
 Who without Spleen could see a hot-brain'd Atheist
 Thanking a surly Doctor for his Sermon,
 Or a grave Counsellor meet a smooth young Lord,
 Squeeze him by the Hand, and praise his good Complexion:

Pol. Courts are the places where best Manners flourish;
 Where the Deserving ought to rise, and Fools
 Make show. Why should I vex and chase my Spleen,
 To see a gawdy Coxcomb shine, when I

[Have

Have seen enough to sooth him in his Follies,
And ride him to advantage as I please?----

Acst. Who merit, ought indeed to rise i'th' World,
But no wise Man that's honest should expect.
What Man of Sense would rack his generous Mind,
To practise all the base Formalities
And Forms of business, force a grave starch'd Face,
When he's a very Libertine in's Heart?
Seem not to know this or that Man in publick,
When privately perapps they meer together,
And lay the Scene of some brave Fellow's Ruin.
Such things are done-----

Cast. Your Lordship's Wrongs have been
So great, that you with Justice may complain;
Or suffer us, whose younger Minds ne'er felt
Fortune's Deceits, to court her as she's fair:
Were she a common Mistress, kind to all,
Her Worth would cease, and half the World grow idle.

Acst. Go to, y'are Fools, and know me not; I've learnt
Long since to bear Revenge, or scorn my Wrongs,
According to the Value of the Doer.

You both would fain be great, and to that end
Pretend to do things worthy your Ambition.
To the Camp, Preferment's noblest Mart,
Where Honour ought to have the fairest play, you'll find
Corruption, Envy, Discontent, and Faction,
Almost in every Band: How many Men
Have spent their Blood in their dear Country's Service,
Now pine under Want, while selfish Slaves,
That ev'n would cut their Throats, whom now they
Fawn on.

See deadly Locusts eat the Honey up,
Which those industrious Bees so hardly toil'd for?

Cast. These Precepts suit not with my active Mind,
I think I would be busie.

Ed. So would I.
To loiter out my Life at Home, and know
Farther than one Prospect gives me leave.

Acst. Busie your Minds then, study Arts and Men:
How to value Merit tho' in Rags,

And

And scorn a proud ill-manner'd Knave in Office.

Enter Serina, Monimia and Maid.

Ser. My Lord, my Father!

Acast. Blessings on my Child,
My little Cherub, what hast thou to ask me?

Ser. I bring you, Sir, most glad and welcome News:
The young *Chamont*, whom you've so often wish'd for,
Is just arriv'd and entering.

Acast. By my Soul,
And all my Honours, he's most dearly welcome;
Let me receive him like his Father's Friend.

Enter Chamont.

Welcome, thou Relict of the best-lov'd Man,
Welcome from all the Turmoils, and the Hazards
Of certain Danger, and uncertain Fortune;
Welcome as happy Tidings after Fears.

Cham. Words would but wrong the Gratitude I owe you.
Should I begin to speak, my Soul's so full,
That I should talk of nothing else all day.

Mon. My Brother!

Cham. Oh my Sister! let me hold thee
Long in my Arms. I've not beheld thy Face
These many Days; by Night I've often seen thee
In gentle Dreams, and satisfied my Soul
With fancy'd Joys, 'till Morning Cares awak'd me.
Another Sister! sure it must be so;
Tho', I remember well, I had but one:
But I feel something in my Heart that prompts,
And tells me she has Claim and Interest there.

Acast. Young Soldier, you've not only study'd War,
Courtship, I see, has been your Practice too,
And may not prove unwelcome to my Daughter.

Cham. Is she your Daughter? then my Heart told true!
And I'm at least her Brother by Adoption:
For you have made your self to me a Father,
And by that Patent I have leave to love her.

Ser. Monimia, thou hast told me Men are false,
Will flatter, feign, and make an Art of Love:
Is *Chamont* so? No, sure he's more than Man,
Something that's near Divine, and Truth dwells in him.

Acast.

Acast. Thus happy, who would envy pompous Pow'r,
The Luxury of Courts, of Wealth of Cities?
Let there be Joy through all the House this day!
In every room let Plenty flow at large,
It is the Birth-day of my Royal Master.
You have not visited the Court, *Chamont*,
Since your Return?

Cham. I have no business there,
I have not slavish Temperance enough
To attend a Favourite's Heels, and watch his Smiles;
Near an ill Office done me to my Face,
And thank the Lord that wrong'd me for his favour.

Acast. This you could do. [To his Sons.

Cast. I'd serve my Prince.

Acast. Who'd serve him?

Cast. I would, my Lord.

Pol. And I; both would.

Acast. Away.

He needs not any Servant such as you!
He him! he merits more than Man can do!
He is so good, Praise cannot speak his Worth:
He is merciful, sure he ne'er slept in Wrath;
He is just, that were he but a private Man,
He could not do a Wrong. How would you serve him?

Cast. I'd serve him with my Fortune here at home,
And serve him with my Person in his Wars,
I'll march for him, fight for him, bleed for him.

Pol. Die for him,

Every true-born loyal Subject ought.

Acast. Let me embrace you both. Now by the Souls
Of my brave Ancestors, I'm truly happy;
This be ever blest my Marriage-day,
That be your Mother's Memory that bore you,
And double blest be that auspicious Hour
That gave ye birth. Yes, my aspiring Boys,
You shall have Business; when your Master wants you,
You cannot serve a Nobler; I have serv'd him;
This old Body yet the Marks remain
Of many Wounds. I've with this Tongue proclaim'd
Right, ev'n in the Face of rank Rebellion;

And

And when a foul-mouth'd Traytor once prophand
His sacred Name, with my good Sabre drawn,
Ev'n at the Head of all his giddy Rout,
I rush'd, and clove the Rebel to the Chine.

Enter Servant.

Ser. My Lord, th'expected Guests are just arriv'd.

Acast. Go you, and give 'em Welcome and Reception.

Cham. My Lord, I stand in need of your Assistance
In something that concerns my Peace and Honour.

Acast. Spoke like the Son of that brave Man I lov'd:
So freely, friendly we convers'd together.

Whate'er it be, with Confidence impart it,
Thou shalt command my Fortune and my Sword.

Cham. I dare not doubt your Friendship nor your Justice,
Your Bounty shewn to what I hold most dear,
My Orphan Sister, must not be forgotten!

Acast. Pr'ythee, no more of that; it grates my Nature.

Cham. When our dear Parents dy'd, they dy'd together,
One Fate surpriz'd 'em, and one Grave receiv'd 'em:

My Father with his dying Breath bequeath'd
Her to my Love: My Mother, as she lay
Languishing by him, call'd me to her side,
Took me in her fainting Arms, wept and embrac'd me,
Then press'd me close, and as she observ'd my Tears,
Kist them away; said she, *Chamont*, my Son,
By this and all the Love I ever shew'd thee,
Be careful of *Monimia*, watch her Youth,
Let not her Wants betray her to Dishonour;
Perhaps kind Heav'n my raise some Friend. Then sigh'd,
Kist me again; so blest us and expir'd.
Pardon my Grief.

Acast. It speaks an honest Nature.

Cham. The Friend Heav'n rais'd was you, you took her up
An Infant, to the desert World expos'd,
And prov'd another Parent.

Acast. I've not wrong'd her.

Cham. Far be it from my Fears.

Acast. Then why this Argument?

Cham. My Lord, my Nature's jealous, and you'll bear it

Acast. Go on.

Cham.

Cham. Great Spirits bear Misfortunes hardly:
Good Offices claim Gratitude; and Pride,
Where Pow'r is wanting, will usurp a little,
And make us (rather than be thought behind-hand)
Pay over-price.

Acast. I cannot guess your drift;
Distrust you me?

Cham. No, but I fear her Weakness
May make her pay a Debt at any rate;
And to deal freely with your Lordship's Goodness,
I've heard a Story lately much disturbs me.

Acast. Then first charge her! and if th' Offence be found
Within my reach, tho' it shou'd touch my Nature,
In my own Off-spring, by the dear remembrance
Of thy brave Father, whom my Heart rejoic'd in,
I'd prosecute it with severest Vengeance. *[Exit.]*

Cham. I thank you from my Soul.

Mon. Alas my Brother!

What have I done? and why do you abuse me!
My Heart quakes in me; in your settled Face
And clouded Brow methinks I see my Fate:
You will not kill me!

Cham. Pr'ythee, why dost talk so?

Mon. Look kindly on me then. I cannot bear
Severity; it daunts, and does amaze me:
My Heart's so tender, should you charge me rough,
I should but weep, and answer you with sobbing.
But use me gently like a loving Brother,
And search through all the Secrets of my Soul.

Cham. Fear nothing, I will shew my self a Brother,
A tender, honest, and a loving Brother.
Y'ave not forgot our Father?

Mon. I shall never.

Cham. Then you'll remember too, he was a Man
That liv'd up to the standard of his Honour,
And priz'd that Jewel more than Mines of Wealth:
He'd not have done a shameful thing but once,
Though kept in darkness from the World, and hidden
He could not have forgiven it to himself.
This was the only Portion that he left us;

And I more glory in't, than if possess
Of all that ever Fortune threw on Fools.
'Twas a large Trust, and must be manag'd nicely;
Now if by any chance, *Monimia*,
You have soil'd this Gem, and taken from its value,
How will y' account with me?

Mon. I challenge Envy,
Malice, and all the Practices of Hell,
To censure all the Actions of my past
Unhappy Life, and taint me if they can!

Cham. I'll tell thee then; three Nights ago, as I
Lay musing in my Bed, all Darkness round me,
A sudden damp struck to my Heart, cold Sweat
Dew'd all my Face, and Trembling seiz'd my Limbs:
My Bed shook under me, the Curtains started,
And to my tortur'd Fancy there appear'd
The Form of Thee, thus Beauteous as thou art,
Thy Garments flowing loose, and in each Hand
A wanton Lover, which by turns caress'd thee
With all the Freedom of unbounded Pleasure:
I snatch'd my Sword, and in the very Moment
Darted it at the Phantom, strait it left me:
Then rose and call'd for Lights, when, O dire Omen!
I found my Weapon had the Arras pierc'd,
Just where that famous Tale was interwoven,
How the unhappy *Theban* slew his Father.

Mon. And for this Cause my Virtue is suspected:
Because in Dreams your Fancy has been ridden,
I must be tortur'd waking!

Cham. Have a care;
Labour not to be justify'd too fast:
Hear all, and then let Justice hold the Scale.
What follow'd was the Riddle that confounds me:
Through a close Lane, as I pursu'd my Journey,
And meditated on the last Night's Vision,
I spy'd a wrinkled Hagg, with Age grown double,
Picking dry Sticks, and mumbling to herself;
Her Eyes with scalding Rheum were gall'd and red;
Cold Palfie shook her Head, her Hands seem'd wither'd,
And on her crooked Shoulders had the wrapt

The

The tatter'd Remnant of an old strip'd Hanging,
Which serv'd to keep her Carcass from the Cold;
So there was nothing of a piece about her:
Her lower Weeds were all o'er coarsely patch'd
With different colour'd Rags, black, red, white, yellow,
And seem'd to speak variety of Wretchedness;
I ask'd her of my Way, which she inform'd me,
Then crav'd my Charity, and bad me hasten
To save a Sister: At that word I started!

Mon. The common Cheat of Beggars every Day!
They flock about our Doors, pretend to Gifts
Of Prophecie, and telling Fools their Fortunes.

Cham. Oh! but she told me such a Tale, *Monimia*,
As in it bore great Circumstances of Truth;
Castalio and *Polydore*, my Sister.

Mon. Hah!

Cham. What, alter'd! does your Courage fail you!
Now by my Father's Soul the Witch was honest;
Answer me, if thou hast not lost to them
Thy Honour at a sordid Game?

Mon. I will.

I must, so hardly my Misfortune loads me,
That both have offer'd me their Loves, most true.

Cham. And 'tis as true too, they have both undone thee.

Mon. Though they both with earnest Vows
Have prest my Heart, if e'er in thought I yielded
To any but *Castalio*----

Cham. But *Castalio*?

Mon. Still will you cross the Line of my Discourse!
Yes, I confess that he has won my Soul
By generous Love, and honourable Vows:
Which he this Day appointed to compleat,
And make himself by holy Marriage mine.

Cham. Art thou then spotless? hast thou still preserv'd
Thy Virtue white, without a Blot untainted?

Mon. When I'm unchast, may Heav'n reject my Prayers!
Or more, to make me wretched, may you know it!

Cham. Oh then, *Monimia*, art thou dearer to me
Than all the Comforts ever yet blest Man,
And let not Marriage bait thee to thy Ruin.

Trust not a Man; we are by Nature false,
 Dissembling, subtle, cruel and unconstant:
 When a Man talks of Love, with caution trust him;
 But if he swears, he'll certainly deceive thee:
 I charge thee let no more *Castalio* soothe thee:
 Avoid it as thou would'st preserve the Peace
 Of a poor Brother, to whose Soul th'art precious.

Mon. I will!

[*Ones*

Cham. Appear as cold, when next you meet, as great
 When Merit begs, then shalt thou see how soon
 His Heart will cool, and all his Pains grow easie. [*Ex.*

Mon. Yes, I will try him; torture him severely;
 For, oh *Castalio*! thou too much hast wrong'd me,
 In leaving me to *Polydore's* ill Usage.
 He comes; and now for once, oh Love stand neuter,
 Whiist a hard part's perform'd! for I must tempt,
 Wound his soft Nature, though my own Heart akes for't.

Enter Castalio.

[*Ex.*

Cast. *Monimia*, *Monimia*! ---- She's gone;
 And seem'd to part with Anger in her Eyes;
 I am a Fool; and she has found my Weakness;
 She uses me already like a Slave
 Fast bound in Chains, to be chastis'd at will.
 'Twas not well done to trifle with my Brother:
 I might have trusted him with all the Secret,
 Open'd my silly Heart, and shewn it bare.
 But then he loves her too; but not like me.
 I am a doating honest Slave, design'd
 For Bondage, Marriage-bonds, which I have sworn
 To wear: It is the only thing I e'er
 Hid from his Knowledge; and he'll sure forgive
 The first Transgression of a wretched Friend
 Betray'd to Love, and all its little Follies.

Enter Polydore, and Page, at the Door.

Pol. Here place your self, and watch my Brother thoroughly:
 If he should chance to meet *Monimia*, make
 Just Observation of each Word and Action;
 Pass not one Circumstance without remark:
 Sir, 'tis your Office, do't, and bring me word. [*Ex. Pol.*

Enter

Enter Monimia.

Cast. *Monimia*, my Angel! 'twas not kind
To leave me like a Turtle here alone,
To droop and mourn the Absence of my Mate.
When thou art from me every Place is desert,
And I, methinks, am savage and forlorn;
Thy Presence only 'tis can make me blest,
Heal my unquiet Mind, and tune my Soul.

Mon. Oh the bewitching Tongues of faithless Men!
'Tis thus the false *Hyena* makes her Moan,
To draw the pitying Traveller to her Den;
Your Sex are so, such false Dissemblers all,
With Sighs and Complaints y'entice poor Womens Hearts;
And all that pity you, are made your Prey.

Cast. What means my Love? Oh, how have I deserv'd
This Language from the Sovereign of my Joys!
Stop, stop those Tears, *Monimia*, for they fall
Like baneful Dew from a distemper'd Sky;
I feel 'em chill me to the very Heart.

Mon. Oh, you are false, *Castalio*, most forsworn.
Attempt no farther to delude my Faith;
My Heart is fixt, and you shall shake't no more.

Cast. Who told you so? what Hell-bred Villain durst
Prophane the sacred Business of my Love?

Mon. Your Brother, knowing on what terms I'm here,
Th' unhappy Object of your Father's Charity,
Licentiously discours'd to me of Love,
And durst affront me with his brutal Passion.

Cast. 'Tis I have been to blame, and only I,
False to my Brother and unjust to Thee.
For, oh! he loves thee too, and this Day own'd it,
Taxt me with mine, and claim'd a right above me.

Mon. And was your Love so very tame to shrink,
Or rather than lose him, abandon me?

Cast. I, knowing him precipitate and rash,
To calm his Heat, and to conceal my Happiness,
Seem'd to comply with his unruly Will;
Talkt as he talkt, and granted all he ask'd;
Lest he in Rage might have our Loves betray'd,
And I for ever had *Monimia* lost.

Mon. Could you then? did you? can you own it too?
'T was poorly done, unworthy of your self;
And I can never think you meant me fair.

Cast. Is this *Monimia*? surely no! 'till now
I ever thought her Dove-like, soft and kind.
Who trusts his Heart with Woman's surely lost:
You were made Fair on purpose to undo us,
Whilst greedily we snatch th' alluring Bait,
And ne'er distrust the Poison that it hides.

Mon. When Love ill-plac'd would find a means to break,

Cast. It never wants pretences or excuse.

Mon. Man therefore was a Lord-like Creature made,
Rough as the Winds, and as inconstant too:
A lofty Aspect given him for Command,
Easily soften'd, when he would betray:
Like conqu'ring Tyrants, you our Breasts invade,
Where you are pleas'd to forage for a while;
But soon you find new Conquests out, and leave
The ravag'd Province ruinate and waste.
If so, *Castalio*, you have serv'd my Heart,
I find that Desolation's settled there,
And I shall ne'er recover Peace again.

Cast. Who can hear this, and bear an equal Mind!
Since you will drive me from you, I must go;
But oh *Monimia*! when th' hast banish'd me,
No creeping Slave, though tractable and dull,
As artful Woman for her ends would chuse,
Shall ever dote as I have done: For oh!
No Tongue my Pleasure nor my Pain can tell,
'Tis Heav'n to have thee, and without thee Hell.

Mon. *Castalio*! stay! we must not part. I find
My Rage ebbs out, and Love flows in apace.
These little Quarrels Love must needs forgive,
They rouse up drowsie Thoughts, and wake my Soul;
Oh! charm me with the Musick of thy Tongue;
I'm ne'er so blest as when I hear thy Vows,
And listen to the Language of thy Heart.

Cast. Where am I! surely Paradise is round me!
Sweets planted by the Hand of Heav'n grow here,
And every Sense is full of thy Perfection.

To

To hear thee speak might calm a mad Man's Frenzy,
 'Till by attention he forgot his Sorrows;
 But to behold thy Eyes, th' amazing Beauties
 Might make him rage again with Love, as I do.
 To touch thee's Heav'n, but to enjoy thee, oh!
 Thou Nature's whole Perfection in one piece!
 Sure framing thee Heav'n took unusual Care,
 As its own Beauty it design'd thee Fair;
 And form'd thee by the best lov'd Angel there. [Ex.] }

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Polydore, and Page.

Pol. WERE they so kind? Express it to me all
 In words, 'twill make me think I saw it too.

Page. At first I thought they had been mortal Foes;
Monimia rag'd, *Castalio* grew disturb'd,
 Each thought the other wrong'd, yet both so haughty,
 They scorn'd Submission, though Love all the while
 The Rebel play'd, and scarce cou'd be contain'd.

Pol. But what succeeded?

Page. Oh 'twas wondrous pretty!
 For of a sudden all the Storm was past,
 A gentle Calm of Love succeeded it;
Monimia sigh'd and bluth'd, *Castalio* swore;
 As you, my Lord, I well remember, did
 To my young Sister in the Orange Grove,
 When I was first prefer'd to be your Page.

Pol. Happy *Castalio*! Now by my great Soul,
 My ambitious Soul, that languishes to Glory,
 I'll have her yet, by my best hopes I will.
 She shall be mine in spite of all her Arts.
 But for *Castalio* why was I refus'd?
 Has he supplanted me by some foul play,
 Traduc'd my Honour? Death! he durst not do't.
 It must be so: We parted, and he met her,
 Half to Compliance brought by me, surpriz'd

Her

Her sinking Virtue, 'till she yielded quite:
So Poachers basely pick up tired Game,
Whilst the fair Hunter's cheated of his Prey.
Boy!

Page. My Lord!

Pol. Go to your Chamber, and prepare your Lute;
Find out some Song to please me, that describes
Womens Hypocrisies, their subtle Wiles,
Betraying Smiles, feign'd Tears, Inconstancies,
Their painted Outsides, and corrupted Minds,
The Sum of all their Follies, and their Falshoods.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Oh the unhappiest Tidings Tongue e'er told!

Pol. The Matter!

Serv. Oh! your Father, my good Master,
As with his Guests he sat in Mirth rais'd high,
And chas'd the Goblet round the joyful Board,
A sudden Trembling seiz'd on all his Limbs;
His Eyes distort'd grew; his Visage pale!
His Speech forsook him; Life it self seem'd fled,
And all his Friends are waiting now about him.

Enter Acasto leaning on two.

Acast. Support me, give me Air; I'll yet recover
'Twas but a Slip decaying Nature made,
For she grows weary near her Journey's end.
Where are my Sons? come near, my *Polydore*;
Your Brother! where's *Castalio*?

Serv. My Lord,
I've search'd, as you commanded, all the House,
He and *Monimia* are not to be found, ('tis well,

Acast. Not to be found! then where are all my Friends?
I hope they'll pardon an unhappy Fault
My unmannerly Infirmary has made!
Death could not come in a more welcome Hour,
For I'm prepar'd to meet him, and methinks
Would live and die with all my Friends about me.

Enter Castalio.

Cast. Angels preserve my dearest Father's Life,
Bless it with long, uninterrupted Days!
Oh! may he live 'till Time it self decay,

'Till

Serv. N
Acast.

'Till good Men with him dead, or I offend him!

Acast. Thank you, *Castalio*; give me both your Hands,
And bear me up, I'd walk: So. now methinks
I appear as great as *Hercules* himself,
Supported by the Pillars he had rais'd.

Cast. My Lord, your Chaplain.

Acast. Let the good Man enter. [Health.

Chap. Heav'n guard your Lordship, and restore your

Acast. I have provided for thee, if I die.

No fawning! 'tis a Scandal to thy Office.

My Sons, as thus united, ever live,

And for th' Estate, you'll find when I am dead,

I have divided it betwixt you both

Equally parted, as you shad my Love;

Only to sweet *Monimia* I've bequeath'd

Ten thousand Crowns, a little Portion for her,

To wed her honourably as she's born.

Be not less Friends because you're Brothers; shun

The Man that's singular, his Mind's unsound,

His Spleen o'erweighs his Brains; but above all

Avoid the politick, the factious Fool,

The busie, buzzing, talking, harden'd Knave,

The quaint smooth Rogue, that sins against his Reason;

Calls sawcy loud Suspicion, publick Zeal,

And Mutiny the Dictates of his Spirit:

Be very careful how ye make new Friends.

Men read not Morals now, it was a Custom.

But all are to their Fathers Vices born:

And in their Mothers Ignorance are bred.

Let Marriage be the last mad thing ye do,

For all the Sins and Follies of the past.

If you have Children, never give them Knowledge,

I will spoil their Fortune; Fools are all the fashion.

If you've Religion, keep it to your selves,

Atheists will else make use of Toleration,

And laugh you out on't; never shew Religion,

Except ye mean to pass for Knaves of Conscience,

And cheat believing Fools that think ye honest.

Enter Serina.

Ser. My Father!

Acast. My Heart's Darling!

Ser.

'Till

Ser. Let my Knees
Fix to the Earth. Ne'er let my Eyes have rest,
But wake and weep 'till Heav'n restore my Father!

Acast. Rise to my Arms, and thy kind Prayers are an-
For thou'rt a wond'rous Extract of all Goodness, [swer'd,
Born for my Joy, and no Pain's felt when near thee.
Chamont!

Enter Chamont.

Cham. My Lord, may't prove not an unlucky Omen:
Many I see are waiting round about you,
And I am come to ask a Blessing too.

Acast. May'st thou be happy!

Cham. Where?

Acast. In all thy Wishes!

Cham. Confirm me so, and make this Fair One mine,
I am unpractis'd in the Trade of Courtship,
And know not how to deal Love out with Art;
Onsets in Love seem best like those in War,
Fierce, resolute, and done with all the Force;
So I would open my whole Heart at once,
And pour out the abundance of my Soul.

Acast. What says *Serina*? can'st thou love a Soldier?
One born to Honour, and to Honour bred;
One that has learn'd to treat ev'n Foes with Kindness;
To wrong no good Man's Fame, nor praise himself.

Ser. Oh! name not Love, for that's ally'd to Joy,
And Joy must be a Stranger to my Heart,
When you're in Danger. May *Chamont's* good Fortune
Render him lovely to some happier Maid!
Whilst I at friendly distance see him blest,
Praise the kind Gods, and wonder at his Virtues.

Acast. *Chamont*, pursue her, conquer and possess her,
And, as my Son, a third of all my Fortune
Shall be thy Lot.

But keep thy Eyes from wandring, Man of Frailty.
Beware the dangerous Beauty of the Wanton,
Shun their Enticements; Ruin like a Vultur
Waits on their Conquests: Falshood too's their Business,
They put false Beauty off to all the World;
Use false Endearments to the Fools that love 'em,

And when they marry, to their silly Husbands
They bring false Virtue, broken Fame and Fortune

Mon. Hear ye that, my Lord?

Pol. Yes, my fair Monitor, old Men always talk thus.

Acast. *Chamont*, you told me of some Doubts that press
Are you yet satisfied that I am your Friend! [you.

Cham. My Lord, I would not lose that Satisfaction
For any Blessing I could wish for.

As to my Ears, already I have lost 'em,
They ne'er shall vex me more, nor trouble you.

Acast. I thank you. Daughter, you must do so too.
My Friends, 'tis late,

For my Disorder seems all past and over,
And I methinks begin to feel new Health.

Cast. Would you but rest, it might restore you quite.

Acast. Yes, I'll to Bed; old Men must humour Weakness,
Let me have Musick then to lull and chase
This melancholly Thought of Death away.
Good-night! my Friends, Heav'n guard ye all! Good-night!
To-morrow early we'll salute the Day,
Find out new Pleasures, and redeem lost Time.

[*Ex. all but Chamont and Chaplain.*

Cham. Hift, hift, Sir *Gravity*, a word with you.

Chap. With me, Sir!

Cham. If you're at leisure, Sir; we'll waste an Hour,
Tis yet too soon to sleep, and 'twill be Charity
To lend your Conversation to a Stranger.

Chap. Sir, you're a Soldier?

Cham. Yes.

Chap. I love a Soldier,

And had been one my self, but that my Parents
Would make me what you see me; yet I'm honest,
For all I wear Black.

Cham. And that's a Wonder.

Have you had long Dependance on this Family?

Chap. I have not thought it so, because my Time's
spent pleasantly. My Lord's not haughty nor imperious,
nor I gravely whimsical; he has good Nature,
and I have Manners:

And his Sons too are civil to me, because
do not pretend to be wiser than they are;

I meddle with no Man's Business but my own;
 I rise in a Morning early, study moderately,
 Eat and drink cheerfully, live soberly,
 Take my innocent Pleasures freely,
 So meet with Respect, and am not the Jest of the Family.

Cham. I'm glad you are so happy.

A pleasant Fellow this, and may be useful.

Knew you my Father, the old *Chamont*?

Chap. I did, and was most sorry when we lost him.

Cham. Why? didst thou love him? [Friend.

Chap. Every Body lov'd him; besides, he was my Master's

Cham. I could embrace thee for that very Notion.

If thou didst love my Father, I could think

Thou wouldst not be an Enemy to me.

Chap. I can be no Man's Foe.

Cham. Then pr'y thee tell me,

Think'st thou the Lord *Castalio* loves my Sister?

Nay, never start. Come, come, I know thy Office

Opens thee all the Secrets of the Family.

Then if thou art honest, use this Freedom kindly.

Chap. Love your Sister?

Cham. Ay, Love her.

Chap. Sir, I never ask'd him,

And wonder you should ask it me.

Cham. Nay, but thou'rt an Hypocrite; is there not one
 Of all thy Tribe that's honest in your Schools?

The Pride of your Superiors makes ye Slaves:

Ye all live loathsome, sneaking, servile Lives;

Not free enough to practise generous Truth,

Though ye pretend to teach it to the World.

Chap. I would deserve a better Thought from you.

Cham. If thou wouldst have me not condemn thy Office
 And Character, think all thy Brethren Knaves,
 Thy Trade a Cheat, and thou'rt worst Professor,
 Inform me; for I tell thee, Priest, I'll know.

Chap. Either he loves her, or he much has wrong'd her.

Cham. How wrong'd her? have a care, for this may lay
 A Scene of Mischief to undo us all.

But tell me, wrong'd her, hadst thou?

Chap. Ay, Sir, wrong'd her.

Cham.

Cham. T'his is a Secret worth a Monarch's Fortune:
What shall I give thee for't! thou dear Physician
Of sickly Souls, unfold this Riddle to me,
And comfort mine- ---

Chap. I would hide nothing from you willingly.

Cham. Nay, then again thou'rt honest. Would'st thou

Chap. Yes, if I durst. (tell me?)

Cham. Why, what affrights thee?

Chap. You do,

Who are not to be trusted with the Secret.

Cham. Why, I am no Fool.

Chap. So indeed you say.

Cham. Pr'ythee, be serious then.

Chap. You see I am so.

And hardly shall be mad enough to night,

To trust you with my Ruin.

Cham. Art thou then

So late concern'd in't? What has been thy Office?

Curse on that formal steady Villain's Face!

Just so do all Bawds look; nay, Bawds, they say,

Can pray upon occasion, talk of Heav'n,

Turn up their gogling Eye-balls, rail at Vice,

Dissemble, lye, and preach like any Priest.

Art thou a Bawd?

Chap. Sir, I'm not often us'd thus.

Cham. Be just then.

Chap. So I shall be to the Trust

That's laid upon me.

Cham. By the reverenc'd Soul

Of that great honest Man that gave me Being,

Tell me but what thou know'st concerns my Honour,

And if I e'er reveal it to thy wrong,

May this good Sword ne'er do me Right in Battel!

May I ne'er know that blessed Peace of Mind,

That dwells in good and pious Men, like thee!

Chap. I see your Temper's mov'd, and I will trust you.

Cham. Wilt thou?

Chap. I will; but if it ever 'scape you----

Cham. It never shall.

Chap. Swear then.

Cham. I do by all
That's dear to me, by th'Honour of my Name,
And that Power I serve, it never shall.

Chap. Then this good Day, when all the House was busie,
When Mirth and kind Rejoicing fill'd each Room,
As I was walking in the Grove I met them.

Cham. What, met them in the Grove together? tell me.
How, walking, standing, sitting, lying, hah!

Chap. I by her own Appointment met them there,
Receiv'd their Marriage Vows, and join'd their Hands.

Cham. How! marry'd!

Chap. Yes, Sir.

Cham. Then my Soul's at Peace:
But why would you delay so long to give it?

Chap. Not knowing what Reception it may find
With old *Acasto*; may be I was too cautious
To trust the Secret from me.

Cham. What's the Cause
I cannot guess, tho' 'tis my Sister's Honour.
I do not like this Marriage
Huddled i'th' dark, and done at too much Venture:
The business looks with an unlucky Face.
Keep still the Secret; for it ne'er shall 'scape me,
Not ev'n to them, the new-match'd Pair. Farewel.
Believe my Truth, and know me for thy Friend. [*Exe.*]

Enter Castalio and Monimia.

Cast. Young *Chamont*, and the Chaplain! sure 'tis they!
No matter what's contriv'd, or who consulted.
Since my *Monimia*'s mine; tho' this sad Look
Seems no good boading Omen to her Bliss,
Else, pr'ythee, tell me why that Look cast down;
Why that sad Sigh as if thy Heart were breaking?

Mon. Castalio, I am thinking what we've done.
The Heav'nly Powers were sure displeas'd to-day?
For at the Ceremony as we stood,
And as your Hand was kindly join'd with mine,
As the good Priest pronounc'd the Sacred Words,
Passion grew big, and I could not forbear,
Tears drown'd my Eyes, and Trembling seiz'd my Soul.
What should that mean?

Cast.

Cast. Oh thou art tender all!

Gentle and kind as sympathizing Nature!
 When a sad Story has been told, I've seen
 Thy little Breasts with soft Compassion swell'd,
 Shove up and down, and heave like dying Birds;
 But now let Fear be banish'd, think no more
 Of danger, for there's safety in my Arms;
 Let them receive thee: Heav'n grows jealous now;
 Sure she's too good for any mortal Creature!
 I could grow wild, and praise thee ev'n to madness.
 But wherefore do I dally with my Bliss?
 The Night's far spent, and Day draws on apace;
 To Bed my Love, and wake 'till I come thither.

Pol. So hot, my Brother? [*Polydore at the Door.*]

Mon. 'Twill be impossible:

You know your Father's Chamber's next to mine,
 And the least Noise will certainly alarm him.

Cast. Impossible? impossible? alas!

Is't possible to live one hour without thee?

Let me behold these Eyes; they'll tell me truth.

Hast thou no longing? Art thou still the same

Cold, icy Virgin? No; th'art alter'd quite.

Haste, haste to Bed, and let loose all thy Wishes.

Mon. 'Tis but one Night, my Lord; I pray be rul'd.

Cast. Try if th'ast Power to stop a flowing Tide,

Or in a Tempest make the Seas be calm;

And when that's done I'll conquer my Desires,

No more, my Blessing. What shall be the Sign?

When shall I come? For to my Joys I'll steal,

As if I ne'er had paid my Freedom for them.

Mon. Just three soft strokes upon the Chamber-Door;

And at that Signal you shall gain Admittance:

But speak not the least word; for if you should,

'Tis surely heard, and all will be betray'd.

Cast. Oh! doubt it not, *Monimia*; our Joys

Shall be as silent as th' Ecstatick Bliss

Of Souls, that by Intelligence converse:

Immortal Pleasures shall our Senses drown,

Thought shall be lost, and ev'ry Power dissolv'd:

Away, my Love; first take this Kiss. Now haste.
I long for that to come, yet grudge each Minute past.
[Ex. Mon.]

My Brother wand'ring too so late this way!

Pol. Castalio!

Cast. My *Polydore*, how dost thou?
How does our Father; is he well recover'd?

Pol. I left him happily repos'd to Rest;
He's still as gay as if his Life were young.
But how does fair *Monimia*?

Cast. Doubtless well.

A cruel Beauty with her Conquest pleas'd
Is always joyful, and her Mind in health.

Pol. Is she the same *Monimia* still she was?
May we not hope she's made of mortal Mould?

Cast. She's not Woman else:

Tho' I'm grown weary of this tedious hoping;
We've in a barren Desert stray'd too long.

Pol. Yet may relief be unexpected found,
And Love's sweet Manna cover all the Field.
Met ye to day?

Cast. No, she has still avoided me.
Her Brother too is jealous of her grown,
And has been hinting something to my Father.
I wish' I'd never meddled with the matter,
And would enjoin thee, *Polydore* ---

Pol. To what?

Cast. To leave this peevish Beauty to her self.

Pol. What, quit my Love? as soon I'd quit my Post
In fight, and like a Coward run away.
No, by my Stars, I'll chase her 'till she yields
To me, or meets her Rescue in another.

Cast. Nay, she has Beauty that might shake the Leagues
Of mighty Kings, and set the World at odds:
But I have wondrous Reasons on my side,
That would perswade thee, were they known.

Pol. Then speak 'em.

What are they? Came ye to her Window here
To learn 'em now? *Castalio*, have a care;
Use honest dealing with your Friend and Brother.

Believe

Believe me, I'm not with my Love so blinded,
But can discern your Purpose to abuse me.
Quit your Pretences to her.

Cast. Grant I do;
You love Capitulations, *Polydore*,
And but upon Conditions would oblige me.

Pol. You say, you've Reasons. Why are they conceal'd?

Cast. To-morrow I may tell you.
It is a matter of such Circumstance,
As I must well consult e'er I reveal:
But, pr'ythee, cease to think I would abuse thee,
'Till more be known.

Pol. When you, *Castalio*, cease
To meet *Monimia* unknown to me,
And then deny it slavishly, I'll cease
To think *Castalio* faithless to his Friend.
Did I not see you part this very moment?

Cast. It seems you've watch'd me then?

Pol. I scorn the Office.

Cast. Pr'ythee, avoid a thing thou may'st repent.

Pol. That is henceforward making Leagues with you.

Cast. Nay, if y'are angry, *Polydore*, Good-Night. [*Ex.*

Pol. Good-Night, *Castalio*, if y'are in such haste.

He little thinks I've overheard th' Appointment:
But to his Chamber's gone to wait a while,
Then come and take Possession of my Love.
This is the utmost Point of all my Hopes,
Or now she must, or never can be mine.
Oh! for a means now how to counterplot,
And disappoint this happy elder Brother.
In every thing we do, or undertake,
He soars above me, mount what height I can,
And keeps the start he got of me in Birth.
Cordelio!

Enter Page.

Page. My Lord!

Pol. Come hither, Boy.

Thou hast a pretty forward lying Face,
And may'st in time expect Preferment; canst thou
Pretend to Secrecy, cajole and flatter
Thy Master's Follies, and assist his Pleasures?

Page. My Lord, I could do any thing for you,
And ever be a very faithful Boy.

Command, whate'er's your Pleasure I'll observe.

Be it to run, or watch; or to convey

A Letter to a beauteous Lady's Bosom;

At least I am not dull, and soon should learn.

Pol. 'Tis Pity then thou should'st not be employ'd.

Goto my Brother, he's in's Chamber now

Undressing, and preparing for his Rest;

Find out some means to keep him up a while:

Tell him a pretty Story that may please

His Ear: Invent a Tale, no matter what:

If he should ask of me, tell him I'm gone

To Bed, and sent you there to know his Pleasure,

Whether he'll Hunt to-morrow. Well said, *Polydore*,

Dissemble with thy Brother! That's one Point.

But do not leave him 'till he's in his Bed;

Or if he chance to walk again this way,

Follow, and do not quit him, but seem fond

To do him little Offices of Service.

Perhaps at last it may offend him; then

Retire, and wait 'till I come in. Away:

Succeed in this, and be employ'd again.

Page. Doubt not, my Lord: he has been always kind

To me; would often set me on his Knees,

Then give me Sweat-meats, call me pretty Boy,

And ask me what the Maids talkt of at Nights.

Pol. Run quickly then, and prosperous be thy Wishes.

[Exit Page.

Here I'm alone and fit for Mischief; now

To cheat this Brother, will't be honest that?

I heard the Sign she order'd him to give.

Oh for the Art of *Proteus*, but to change

The happy *Polydore* to blest *Castalio*!

Shes not so well acquainted with him yet,

But I may fit her Arms as well as he.

Then when I'm happily possess'd of more

Than Sense can think, all loosen'd into Joy,

To hear my disappointed Brother come,

And give the unregarded Signal; Oh!

What

What a malicious Pleasure will that be!
 Just three soft strokes against the Chamber-Door:
 But speak not the least word, for if you should,
 It is surely heard, and we are both betray'd.
 How I adore a Mistress that contrives
 With care to lay the business of her Joys,
 One that has Wit to charm the very Soul!
 And give a double Relish to Delight!
 Blest Heav'n's assist me but in this dear Hour,
 And my kind Stars be but propitious now,
 Dispose of me hereafter as you please.

Monimia! Monimia!

[*Gives the Sig.*

[*Maid at the Window.*] Who's there?

Pol. 'Tis I.

Maid. My Lord *Castalio*?

Pol. The same.

How does my Love, my dear *Monimia*?

Maid. Oh!

She wonders much at your unkind delay;
 You've staid so long that at each little Noise
 The Wind but makes, she asks if you are coming.

Pol. Tell her I'm here, and let the Door be open'd.

[*Maid descends.*

Now boast, *Castalio*, triumph now, and tell
 Thy self strange Stories of a promis'd Bliss.

[*The Door unbells.*

It opens: hah! what means my trembling Flesh!

Limbs, do your Office and support me well,

Bear me to her, then fail me if you can.

[*Exit.*

Enter Castalio and Page.

Page. Indeed, my Lord, 'twill be a lovely Morning,
 Pray let us hunt.

Cast. Go, you're an idle Pradler,
 I'll stay at Home to-morrow; if your Lord
 Thinks fit, he may command my Hounds: Go leave me,
 I must to Bed.

Page. I'll wait upon your Lordship,
 If you think fit, and sing you to Repose.

Cast. No, my kind Boy, the Night is too far wasted,
 My Senses too are quite disrob'd of Thought,

And

And ready all with me to go to rest.

Good-night: commend me to my Brother.

Page. Oh!

You never heard the last new Song I learn'd;

It is the finest, prettiest Song indeed,

Of my Lord and my Lady you know who, ^{[caught} that were
Together, you know where. My Lord, indeed it is.

Cast. You must be whipt, Youngster, if you get such
Songs as those are. What means
This Boy's Impertinence to-night?

Page. Why, what must I sing, pray, my dear Lord?

Cast. Psalms, Child, Psalms.

Page. Oh dear me! Boys that go to School learn Psalms,
But Pages that are better bred sing Lampoons.

Cast. Well, leave me; I'm weary.

Page. Oh! but you promis'd me last time I told you what
Colour my Lady *Monimia*'s Stockings were of, and that
She garter'd them above Knee, that you would give me a
little Horse to go a hunting upon, so you did. I'll tell you
no more Stories, except you keep your Word with me.

Cast. Well go, you Trifler, and to-morrow ask me.

Page. Indeed my Lord, I can't abide to leave you.

Cast. Why, wert thou instructed to attend me?

Page. No, no, indeed, my Lord, I was not;
But I know what I know.

Cast. What dost thou know? Death! what can all this

Page. Oh! I know who loves some-body. ^{[mean?}

Cast. What's that to me Boy?

Page. Nay, and I know who loves you too.

Cast. That's a wonder, pr'ythee tell it me.

Page. 'Tis----'tis----I know who ---- but will
You give me the Horse then?

Cast. I will, my Child.

Page. It is my Lady *Monimia*, look you, but don't you
tell her I told you: She'll give me no more play-things
then. I heard her say so as she lay a-bed, Man.

Cast. Talk'd she of me when in her Bed, *Cordelio*?

Page. Yes, and I sung her the Song you made too.
And she did so sigh, and so look with her Eyes;

And

And her Breasts did so lift up and down; I could have found
in my Heart to have beat 'em, for they made me ashamed.

ast. Hark, What's that Noise?

Take this, be gone, and leave me.

You Knave, you little Flatterer, get you gone. [*Ex. Page.*]

Surely it was a Noise. Hiss--- only Fancy.

For all is hush'd, as Nature were retir'd,

And the perpetual Motion standing still.

So much the from her work appears to cease,

And every warring Element's at peace;

All the wild Herds are in their Coverts couch'd;

The Fishes to their Banks or Ooze repair'd,

And to the murmurs of the Waters sleep;

The feeling Air's at rest, and feels no noise,

Except of some soft Breaths among the Trees,

Rocking the harmless Birds that rest upon 'em.

'Tis now that guided by my Love I go,

To take Possession of *Monimia's* Arms.

Sure *Polydore's* by this time gone to Bed.

At Midnight thus the Us'rer steals untrack'd,

To make a Visit to his hoarded Gold,

And feasts his Eyes upon the shining Mammon: [*Knocks.*]

She hears me not, sure she already sleeps.

Her Wishes could not brook my so long Delay,

And her poor Heart has beat it self to rest. [*Knocks again.*]

Monimia! my Angel----hah----not yet---

How long's the softest Moment of delay

For a Heart impatient of its Pangs like mine,

In sight of Ease, and panting to the Goal? [*Knocks again.*]

Once more----

Maid. Who's there,

That comes thus rudely to disturb our Rest?

Cast. 'Tis I.

Maid. Who are you, what's your Name?

Cast. Suppose

I were Lord *Castalio*.

Maid. I know not.

Lord *Castalio* has no business here.

Cast. Hah! have a care; what can this mean?

Whom-e'er thou art, I charge thee to *Monimia* fly;

For her, I'm here, and wait upon my Doom.

aid.

Maid. Whoe'er ye are, ye may repent this Outrage.
My Lady must not be disturb'd. Good Night!

Cast. She must, tell her she shall; go, I'm in haste,
And bring her Tidings from the State of Love;
Th'are all in consultation met together,
How to reward my Truth, and crown her Vows.

Maid. Sure the Man's mad.

Cast. Or this will make me so:

Obeys me, or by all the wrongs I suffer,
I'll scale the Window, and come in my force,
Let the sad Consequence be what it will;
This Creature's trifling folly makes me mad.

Maid. My Lady's answer is, you may depart,
She says she knows you: You are *Polydore*,
Sent by *Castalio*, as you were to day,
T'affront and do her violence again

Cast. I'll not believe't.

Maid. You may, Sir.

Cast. Curses blast thee!

Maid. Well 'tis a fine cool Evening, and I hope
May cure the raging Fever in your Blood.
Good-night.

Cast. And farewell all that's just in Woman!
This is contriv'd, a studied Trick to abuse
My easy Nature, and torment my Mind;
Sure now she's bound me fast, and means to Lord it,
'To rein me hard, and ride me at her will,
Till by degrees she shape me into Fool
For all her future uses. Death and Torment!
'Tis Impudence to think my Soul will bear it.
Oh I could grow ev'n wild, and tear my hair:
'Tis well, *Monimia*, that thy Empire's short!
Let but to-morrow, but to-morrow come,
And try if all thy Arts appease my wrong;
Till when be this detested place my Bed, [Lies down.
Where I will ruminate on Woman's Ills,
Laugh at my self, and curse th' inconstant Sex.
Faithless *Monimia*! Oh *Monimia*!

Enter Ernesto.

Ern. Either

My Sense has been deluded, or this way

I heard the sound of Sorrow; 'tis late Night,
And none, whose Mind's at Peace, would wander now.

Cast. Who's there?

Ern. A Friend.

Cast. If thou art so, retire,
And leave this place, for I would be alone.

Ern. Castalio! My Lord, why in this posture,
Stretch'd on the Ground? Your honest true old Servant,
Your poor *Ernesto* cannot see you thus;
Rise, I beseech you.

Cast. If thou art *Ernesto*,
As by thy honesty thou seem'st to be,
Once leave me to my Folly.

Ern. I can't leave you,
And not the reason know of your Disorders.
Remember how when young I in my Arms
Have often borne you, pleas'd you in your Pleasures,
And sought an early share in your Affection.
Do not discard me now, but let me serve you.

Cast. Thou canst not serve me.

Ern. Why?

Cast. Because my thoughts
Are full of Woman; thou poor Wretch art past 'em.

Ern. I hate the Sex.

Cast. Then I'm thy Friend, *Ernesto*. [Rises.

And leave the World for him that hates a Woman,

Woman the fountain of all Human Frailty!

What mighty Ills have not been done by Woman?

Who was't betray'd the Capitol? A Woman.

Who lost *Mark Anthony* the World? A Woman.

Who was the Cause of a long ten years War,

and laid at last Old *Troy* in Ashes? Woman.

Destructive, damnable, deceitful Woman!

Woman to Man first as a Blessing giv'n,

then Innocence and Love were in their Primes,

happy a while in Paradise they lay,

and quickly Woman long'd to go astray;

the foolish new Adventure needs must prove,

and the first Devil she saw, she chang'd her Love;

his Temptations lewdly she inclin'd

her Soul, and for an Apple damn'd Mankind. [Exe.

ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Acasto solus.

Acast. **B**Left be the Morning that has brought me health;
 A happy Rest has soften'd Pain away,
 And I'll forget it, tho' my Mind's not well.
 A heavy Melancholy clogs my Heart,
 I droop and sigh, I know not why. Dark Dreams,
 Sick Fancy's Children, have been over-busie,
 And all the Night play'd Farces in my Brains;
 Methought I heard the Mid-night Raven cry,
 Wak'd with th' imagin'd Noise, my Curtains seem'd
 To start, and at my Feet my Sons appear'd
 Like Ghosts, all pale and stiff: I strove to speak,
 But could not: suddenly the Forms were lost,
 And seem'd to vanish in a bloody Cloud;
 'Twas odd, and for the present thook my Thoughts,
 But was th' effect of my distemper'd Blood;
 And when the Health's disturb'd the Mind's unruly.

*Enter Polydore.**Good Morning, Polydore.**Pol.* Heav'n keep your Lordship.*Acast.* Have you yet seen *Castalio* to day?*Pol.* My Lord, 'tis early day; he's hardly risen.*Acast.* Go, call him up, and meet me in the Chapel.
[*Ex* Pol.]

I cannot think all has gone well to night;
 For as I waking lay (and sure my Sense
 Was then my own) methought I heard my Son
Castalio's Voice; but it seem'd low and mournful,
 Under my Window too I thought I heard it;
 M'untoward Fancy could not be deceiv'd
 In every thing; and I will search the truth out.

Enter Monimia, and her Maid.

Already up, *Monimia*! you rose
 Thus early surely to out-shine the Day!
 Or was there any thing that cross'd your Rest?
 They were naughty Thoughts that would not let you sleep.
Mon. Whatever are my Thoughts, my Lord, I've learnt
By

The ORPHAN.

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By your Example to correct their Ills,
And Morn, and Evening, give up the Account.

Acast. Your Pardon, Sweet one, I upbraid you not;
Or if I would, you are so good I could not.
Though I'm deceiv'd, or you're more fair to-day;
For Beauty's heighten'd in your Cheeks, and all
Your Charms seem up, and ready in your Eyes.

Mon. The little share I have's so very mean,
That it may easily admit Addition;
Though you, my Lord, should most of all beware
To give it too much praise, and make me proud.

Acast. Proud of an old Man's Praises! No, *Monimia!*
But if my Prayers can work thee any good,
Thou shalt not want the largest share of 'em:
Heard you no Noise to-night?

Mon. Noise! my good Lord!

Acast. Ay! about Midnight.

Mon. Indeed my Lord, I don't remember any.

Acast. You must sure! went you early to rest?

Mon. About the wonted hour. Why this Enquiry?
[*Aside.*]

Acast. And went your Maid to bed too?

Mon. My Lord, I guess so;
I've seldom known her disobey my Orders.

Acast. Sure Goblins then, or Fairies haunt the dwelling;
I'll have enquiry made through all the House,
But I'll find out the Cause of these Disorders.
Good Day to thee, *Monimia*---I'll to Chapel. [*Ex. Acast.*]

Mon. I'll but dispatch some Orders to my Woman,
And wait upon your Lordship there.
I fear the Priest has play'd us false; if so,
My poor *Castalio* loses all for me;
I wonder though he made such haste to leave me;
Was't not unkind, *Florella!* surely 'twas!
He scarce afforded one kind parting word,
But went away so cold; the Kiss he gave me
Seem'd the forc'd Compliment of fated Love.
Would I had never marry'd!

Maid. Why?

Mon. Methinks

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The

The Scene's quite alter'd; I am not the same;
 I've bound up for my self a weight of Cares,
 And how the burden will be borne, none knows.
 A Husband may be jealous, rigid, false:
 And should *Castalio* e'er prove so to me,
 So tender is my Heart, so nice my Love,
 'Twould ruin and distract my Rest for ever.

Maid. Madam, he's coming.

Mon. Where, *Florella*? where?
 Is he returning? To my Chamber lead;
 I'll meet him there; The Mysteries of our Love
 Should be kept private as Religious Rites,
 From the unhallow'd View of common Eyes.

[*Ex. Mon. and Maid.*]

Enter Castalio.

Cast. With'd Morning's come! And now upon the Plains
 And distant Mountains, where they feed their Flocks,
 The happy Shepherds leave their homely Huts,
 And with their Pipes proclaim the new-born day.
 The lusty Swain comes with his well-fill'd Scrip
 Of healthful Viands, which, when Hunger calls,
 With much content and appetite he eats,
 To follow in the Fields his daily Toil,
 And dress the grateful Glebe, that yields him Fruits.
 The Beasts that under the warm Hedges slept,
 And weather'd out the cold bleak Night, are up,
 And looking towards the Neighb'ring Pastures, raise
 The Voice, and bid their fellow Brutes Good-morrow;
 The chearful Birds too, on the tops of Trees,
 Assemble all in Quires, and with their Notes
 Salute and welcome up the rising Sun.
 There's no Condition sure so curs'd as mine;
 I'm marry'd! 'Sdeath! I'm sped. How like a Dog
 Look'd *Hercules*, thus to a Distaff chain'd?

Monimia! oh *Monimia!*

Enter Monimia and Maid.

Mon. I come,
 I fly to my ador'd *Castalio's* Arms,
 My Wish's Lord. May every Morn begin
 Like this, and with our Days our Loves renew.

Now

Now I may hope y'are satisfy'd-----

[*Looking languishingly on him.*]

Cast. I am
Well satisfy'd, that thou art----Oh-----

Mon. What? speak:

Art thou not well, *Castalio*? Come lean
Upon my Breasts, and tell me where's thy Pain.

Cast. 'Tis here! 'tis in my Head; 'tis in my Heart,
'Tis every where; it rages like a Madness;
And I most wonder how my Reason holds.
Nay, wonder not, *Monimia*: the Slave
You thought you had secur'd within my Breast,
Is grown a Rebel, and has broke his Chain,
And now he walks there like a Lord at large.

Mon. Am I not then your Wife, your lov'd *Monimia*?
I once was so, or I've most strangely dreamt.
What ails my Love?

Cast. Whate'er thy Dreams have been,
Thy waking Thoughts ne'er meant *Castalio* well.
No more, *Monimia*, of your Sex's Arts,
They are useless all: I'm not that pliant Tool,
That necessary Utensil you'd make me,
I know my Charter better---- I am Man,
Obstinate Man; and will not be enslav'd.

Mon. You shall not fear't: Indeed my Nature's easie,
I'll ever live your most obedient Wife,
Nor ever any Privilege pretend
Beyond your Will; for that shall be my Law;
Indeed I will not.

Cast. Nay, you shall not; Madam,
By yon bright Heav'n, you shall not; all the Day
I'll play the Tyrant, and at Night forsake thee;
'Till by Afflictions and continued Cares,
I've worn thee to a homely Household Drudge:
Nay, if I've any too, thou shalt be made
Subservient to all my looser Pleasures,
For thou hast wrong'd *Castalio*.

Mon. No more:
Oh kill me here, or tell me my Offence,
I'll never quit you else; but on these Knees,

Thus follow you all Day, 'till they're worn bare,
And hang upon you like a drowning Creature.

Cast. Alas-----

Cast. Away ; last Night, last Night.

Mon. It was our Wedding-night.

Cast. No more, forget it.

Mon. Why ? Do you then repent ?

Cast. I do.

Mon. Oh Heav'n !

And will you leave me thus ? help, help, *Florella*.

[*He drags her to the Door, and breaks from her.*

Help me to hold this yet lov'd cruel Man.

Oh my Heart breaks ---- I'm dying, Oh ---- stan

I'll not indulge this Woman's Weakness ; still

Chast, and fomented, let my Heart swell on,

'Till with its Injuries it burst, and shake

With the dire Blow this Prison to the Earth.

Maid. What sad Mistake has been the cause of this ?

Mon. Castalio ! Oh ! how often has he swore,
Nature should change, the Sun and Stars grow dark,
Ere he would falsifie his Vows to me.

Make haste, Confusion, then : Sun lose thy light,
And Stars drop dead with Sorrow to the Earth ;
For my *Castalio's* false.

Maid. Unhappy Day !

Mon. False as the Wind, the Water, or the Weather ;
Cruel as Tygers o'er their trembling Prey,
I feel him in my breast, he tears my Heart.
And at each Sigh he drinks the gushing Blood ;
Must I be long in pain ?

Enter Chamont.

Cham. In Tears, *Monimia !*

Mon. Whoe'er thou art.

Leave me alone to my belov'd Despair.

Cham. Lift up thy Eyes, and see who comes to cheat
Tell me the Story of thy Wrongs, and then [thee.
See if my Soul has Rest 'till thou hast Justice.

Mon. My Brother !

Cham. Yes, *Monimia*, if thou think'st
That I deserve the Name, I am thy Brother.

Mon. Oh *Castalio !*

Cham.

Cham. Hah!

Name me that Name again! My Soul's on fire
'Till I know all: There's Meaning in that Name.
I know he is thy Husband: Therefore trust me
With all the following truth----

Mon. Indeed, *Chamont*,
There's nothing in it but the fault of Nature;
I'm often thus seiz'd suddenly with Grief,
I know not why.

Cham. You use me ill, *Monimia*,
And I might think with Justice most severely
Of this unfaithful Dealing with your Brother.

Mon. Truly I am not to blame: Suppose I'm fond,
And grieve for what as much may please another.
Should I upbraid the dearest Friend on Earth
For the first Fault? you would not do so: Would you?

Cham. Nor, if I'd cause to think it was a Friend.

Mon. Why do you then call this unfairful Dealing?
I ne'er conceal'd my Soul from you before:
Bear with me now, and search my Wounds no farther,
For every Probing pains me to the Heart.

Cham. 'Tis sign there's danger in't, and must be prevented.
Where's your new Husband? Still that thought disturbs you.
What only answer me with Tears? *Castalio*!
Nay, now they stream,
Cruel unkind *Castalio*! Is't not so?

Mon. I cannot speak, Grief flows so fast upon me,
It choaks, and will not let me tell the cause.
Oh!

Cham. My *Monimia*, to my Soul thou'rt dear,
As Honour to my Name: Dear as the Light
To Eyes but just restor'd, and heal'd of Blindness.
Why wilt thou not repose within my Breast
The Anguish that torments thee?

Mon. Oh! I dare not.

Cham. I have no Friend but thee: We must confide,
In one another: Two unhappy Orphans;
Alas, we are; and when I see thee grieve,
Methinks it is a Part of me that suffers.

Mon. Oh should'st thou know the Cause of my lamenting,

I am satisfy'd, *Chamont*, that thou would'st scorn me;
 Thou would'st despise the abject lost *Monimia*,
 No more would'st praise this Beauty; But
 When in some Cell distracted; as I shall be,
 Thou seest me lye; these unregarded Locks
 Matted like Furies Tresses; my poor Limbs
 Chain'd to the Ground, and 'stead of the Delights
 Which happy Lovers taste, my Keeper's stripes,
 A Bed of Straw, and a coarse Wooden Dish
 Of wretched Sustenance; when thus thou seest me,
 Pr'ythee have Charity and Pity for me.
 Let me enjoy this Thought.

Cham. Why wilt rack
 My Soul so long, *Monimia*? Ease me quickly;
 Or thou wilt run me into Madness first.

Mon. Could you be secret?

Cham. Secret as the Grave.

Mon. But when I've told you, will you keep your Fury
 Within its bounds? Will you not do some rash
 And horrid Mischief? for indeed, *Chamont*,
 You would not think how hardly I've been us'd
 From a near Friend; from one that has my Soul
 A Slave, and therefore treats it like a Tyrant.

Cham. I will be calm; but has *Castalio* wrong'd thee?
 Has he already wasted all his Love?
 What has he done? quickly; for I'm all trembling
 With expectation of a horrid Tale.

Mon. Oh! could you think it!

Cham. What?

Mon. I fear he'll kill me.

Cham. Hah!

Mon. Indeed I do; he's strangely cruel to me,
 Which if it lasts, I'm sure must break my Heart.

Cham. What has he done?

Mon. Most barbarously us'd me:
 Nothing so kind as he, when in my Arms;
 In thousand Kisses, tender Sighs and Joys,
 Not to be thought again, the Night was wasted;
 At dawn of Day he rose, and left his Conquest.
 But when we met, and I with open Arms

Ran to embrace the Lord of all my Wishes,
Oh then! ----

Cham. Go on!

Mon. He threw me from his Breast,
Like a detested Sin.

Cham. How?

Mon. As I hung too
Upon his Knees, and begg'd to know the Cause,
He dragg'd me like a Slave upon the Earth,
And had no Pity on my Cries.

Cham. How! did he
Dash thee disdainfully away with Scorn!

Mon. He did; and more I fear, will ne'er be Friends,
Though I still love him with unbated Passion.

Cham. What, throw thee from him!

Mon. Yes, indeed he did.

Cham. So may this Arm
Throw him to th' Earth, like a dead Dog despis'd;
Lameness and Leprosie, Blindness and Lunacy,
Poverty, Shame, Pride, and the Name of Villain
Light on me, if *Castalio*, I forgive thee.

Mon. Now, *Chamont*, art thou unkind as he is:
Didst thou not promise me thou would'st be calm?
Keep my Disgrace conceal'd? why should'st thou kill him?
By all my Love, this Arm should do him Vengeance.
Alas! I love him still, and though I ne'er
Clasp him again within these longing Arms,
Yet bless him, bless him (Gods) where-e'er he goes.

Enter Acasto.

Acast. Sure some ill Fate is tow'rd's me; in my House
I only meet with Oddness and Disorder;
Each Vassal has a wild distracted Face;
And looks as full of Business as a Blockhead
In times of danger: Just this very Moment
I met *Castalio* too----

Cham. Then you met a Villain.

Acast. Hah!

Cham. Yes, a Villain

Acast. Have a care, young Soldier,
How thou'rt too busie with *Acasto's* Fame;

I have

I have a Sword, my Arm's good old Acquaintance.
Villain to thee-----

Cham. Curse on thy scandalous Age,
Which hinders me to rush upon thy Throat,
And tear the Root up of that cursed Bramble!

Acast. Ungrateful Ruffian! sure my good old Friend
Was ne'er thy Father; nothing of him's in thee:
What have I done in my unhappy Age,
To be thus us'd? I scorn to upbraid thee, Boy,
But I could put thee in Remembrance-----

Cham. Do.

Acast. I scorn it-----

Cham. No, I'll calmly hear the Story,
For I would fain know all, to see which Scale
Weighs most-- Hah, is not that good old *Acasto*?
What have I done? Can you forgive this Folly?

Acast. Why dost thou ask it?

Cham. 'Twas the rude o'er-flowing
Of too much Passion; pray, my Lord, forgive me. [*Kneels.*

Acast. Mock me not, Youth; I can revenge a Wrong

Cham. I know it well; but for this thought of mine,
Pity a mad Man's Frenzy, and forget it.

Acast. I will; but henceforth, pr'ythee be more kind.
[*Raises him.*

Whence came the Cause?

Cham. Indeed I've been to blame,
But I'll learn better; for you've been my Father:
You've been her Father too-- [*Takes Mon. by the Hand.*

Acast. Forbear the Prologue-----

And let me know the Substance of thy Tale.

Cham. You took her up a little tender Flower,
Just sprouted on a Bank, which the next Frost
Had nipt; and with a careful loving Hand,
Transplanted her into your own fair Garden,
Where the Sun always shines: There long she flourish'd,
Grew sweet to Sense, and lovely to the Eye,
'Till at the last a cruel Spoiler came,
Crop'd this fair Rose, and risted all its Sweetness,
Then cast it like a loathsome Weed away.

Acast. You talk to me in Parables; *Chamont,*

You

You may have known that I'm no wordy Man;
Fine Speeches are the Instruments of Knaves
Or Fools, that use 'em, when they want good Sense;
But Honesty
Needs no Disguise nor Ornament; be plain.

Cham. Your Son----

Acast. I've two, and both I hope have Honour.

Cham. I hope so too-- but----

Acast. Speak.

Cham. I must inform you,
Once more, *Castalio*----

Acast. Still *Castalio*!

Cham. Yes,
Your Son *Castalio* has wrong'd *Monimia*.

Acast. Hah! wrong'd her?

Cham. Marry'd her.

Acast. I'm sorry for't.

Cham. Why sorry?

By yon blest Heav'n there's not a Lord
But might be proud to take her to his Heart.

Acast. I'll not deny't.

Cham. You dare not, by the Gods,
You dare not; all your Family combin'd
In one damn'd Falshood to out-do *Castalio*,
Dare not deny't.

Acast. How has *Castalio* wrong'd her?

Cham. Ask that of him: I say, my Sister's wrong'd:
Monimia my Sister, born as high
And noble as *Castalio*----- Do her Justice,
Or by the Gods, I'll lay a Scene of Blood,
Shall make this Dwelling horrible to Nature.
I'll do't; hark you, my Lord, your Son *Castalio*
Take him to your Closet, and there teach him Manners.

Acast. You shall have Justice,

Cham. Nay--- I will have Justice.
Who'll sleep in Safety that has done me wrong?
My Lord, I'll not disturb you to repeat
The Cause of this: I beg you (to preserve
Your House's Honour) ask it of *Castalio*.

Acast. I will.

Cham.



Cham. 'Till then farewell -----

[*Exit.*

Acast. Farewel, proud Boy.

Monimia!

Mon. My Lord.

Acast. You are my Daughter.

Mon. I am, my Lord, if you'll vouchsafe to own me.

Acast. When you'll complain to me, I'll prove a Father.

[*Exit.*

Mon. Now I'm undone for ever: Who on Earth

Is there so wretched as *Monimia*?

First by *Castalio* cruelly forsaken;

I've lost *Acasto* now: His parting Frowns

May well instruct me, Rage is in his Heart;

I shall be next abandon'd to my Fortune,

Thrust out a naked Wand'rer to the World,

And branded for the mischievous *Monimia*;

What will become of me? My cruel Brother

Is framing Mischiefs too, for ought I know,

That may produce Bloodshed, and horrid Murder;

I would not be the Cause of one Man's Death,

To reign the Empress of the Earth; nay, more,

I'd rather lose for ever my *Castalio*,

My dear unkind *Castalio*!

Enter Polydore.

Pol. *Monimia* weeping!

So Morning Dews on new-blown Roses lodge,

By the Sun's amorous Heat to be exhal'd.

I come, my Love, to kiss all Sortow from thee.

What mean these Sighs? And why thus beats thy Heart?

Mon. Let me alone to Sorrow: 'Tis a Cause
None e'er shall know; but it shall with me die.

Pol. Happy, *Monimia*, he, to whom these sighs,
These Tears, and all these Languishings are paid!

I am no Stranger to your dearest Secret;

I know your Heart was never meant for me,

That Jewel's for an elder Brother's price.

Mon. My Lord!

Pol. Nay, wonder not; last Night I heard
His Oaths, your Vows, and to my Torment saw
Your wild Embraces: Heard th' Appointment made:

I did, *Monimia*, and I curst the Sound.
Wilt thou be sworn, my Love? wilt thou be ne'er
Unkind again?

Mon. Banish such fruitless Hopes!
Have you sworn Constancy to my Undoing?
Will you be ne'er my Friend again?

Pol. What means my Love?

Mon. Away; what meant my Lord
Last Night?

Pol. Is that a Question now to be demanded?
I hope *Monimia* was not much displeas'd.

Mon. Was it well done to treat me like a Prostitute.
T' assault my Lodging at the dead of Night,
And threaten me if I deny'd Admittance ----
You said you were *Castalo* ----

Pol. By those Eyes
It was the same; I spent my time much better;
I tell thee, ill-natur'd Fair One, I was posted
To more Advantage on a pleasant Hill
Of springing Joy, and everlasting Sweetness.

Mon. Hah --- have a Care ----

Pol. Where is the Danger near me?

Mon. I fear you're on a Rock will wreck your Quiet,
And drown your Soul in Wretchedness for ever;
A thousand horrid Thoughts crowd on my Memory.
Will you be kind and answer me one Question?

Pol. I'd trust thee with my Life on those soft Breasts;
Breathe out the choicest Secrets of my Heart;
Till I had nothing in it left but Love.

Mon. Nay, I'll conjure you by the Gods, and Angels,
By the Honour of your Name, that's most concern'd,
To tell me, *Polydore*, and tell me truly,
Where did you rest last Night?

Pol. Within thy Arms
I triumph'd: Rest had been my Foe.

Mon. 'Tis done----

[*She faints.*

Pol. She faints! No help! who waits? a Curse
Upon my Vanity, that could not keep
The Secret of my Happiness in Silence.
Confusion! we shall be surpriz'd anon,

And

And consequently all must be betray'd.

Monimia! the breaths--- *Monimia*-----

Mon. Well-----

Let Mischiefs multiply! Let every Hour
Of my loath'd Life yield me encrease of Horror!
Oh let the Sun to these unhappy Eyes
Ne'er shine again, but be eclips'd for ever!
May every thing I look on seem a Prodigy,
To fill my Soul with Terrors, 'till I quite
Forget I ever had Humanity,
And grow a Curser of the Works of Nature!

Pol. What means all this?

Mon. Oh, *Polydore*, if all

The Friendship e'er you vow'd to good *Castalio*
Be not a Fallhood; if your ever lov'd
Your Brother, you've undone your self and me.

Pol. Which way can Ruin reach the Man that's Rich;
As I am in Possession of thy Sweetness?

Mon. Oh, I'm his Wife.

Pol. What says *Monimia!* hah!

Speak that again.

Mon. I am *Castalio's* Wife.

Pol. His marry'd, wedded Wife?

Mon. Yesterday's Sun
Saw it perform'd.

Pol. And then have I enjoy'd
My Brother's Wife?

Mon. As surely as we both
Must taste of Misery, that Guilt is thine.

Pol. Must we be miserable then?

Mon. Oh!

Pol. Oh! thou may'st yet be happy.

Mon. Couldst thou be
Happy, with such a Weight upon thy Soul
Pol. It may be yet a Secret: I'll go try
To reconcile and bring *Castalio* to thee,
Whilst from the World I take my self away,
And waste my Life in Penance for my Sin.

Mon. Then thou wouldst more undo me: Heap a load
Of added Sins upon my wretched Head;

Wouldst

Wouldst thou again have me betray thy Brother,
And bring Pollution to his Arms ? curst Thought!
Oh when shall I be mad indeed !

Pol. Nay, then

Let us embrace, and from this very Moment
Vow an eternal Misery together.

Mon. And wilt thou be a very faithful Wretch ?
Never grow fond of chearful Peace again ?
Wilt thou with me study to be Unhappy,
And find out ways how to encrease Affliction ?

Pol. We'll institute new Arts unknown before,
To vary Plagues, and make 'em look like new ones.
First, if the Fruit of our detested Joy,
A Child be born, it shall be murder'd----

Mon. No,
Sure that may live.

Pol. Why ?

Mon. To become a thing
More wretched than its Parents, to be branded
With all our Infamy, and curse its Birth.

Pol. That's well contriv'd ; then thus let's go together,
Full of our Guilt, distracted where to roam,
Like the first wretched Pair expell'd their Paradise.
Let's find some Place where Adders nest in Winter,
Loathsome and venomous : Where Poisons hang
Like Gums against the Walls ; where Witches meet
By Night, and feed upon some pamper'd Imp,
Fat with the Blood of Babes : There we'll inhabit,
And live up to the Height of Desperation ;
Desire shall languish like a withering Flower,
And no Distinction of the Sex be thought of.
Horrors shall fright me from those pleasing Harms,
And I'll no more be caught with Beauty's Charms,
But when I'm dying take me in thy Arms. } *[Exe.]*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Castalio lying on the Ground.

S O N G.

I.

COME, all ye Youths, whose Hearts e'er bled
 By cruel Beauty's Pride,
 Bring each a Garland on his Head,
 Let none his Sorrows hide:
 But Hand in Hand around me move,
 Singing the saddest Tales of Love;
 And see, when your Complaints ye join,
 If all your Wrongs can equal mine.

II.

The happiest Mortal once was I,
 My Heart no Sorrows knew.
 Pity the Pain with which I die,
 But ask not whence it grew.
 Yet if a tempting Fair you find
 That's very lovely, very kind,
 Tho' bright as Heav'n whose Stamp she bears,
 Think of my Fate, and shun her Snares.
Cast. See where the Deer trot after one another;
 Male, Female, Farther, Daughter, Mother, Son,
 Brother and Sister mingled all together;
 No Discontent they know, but in delightful
 Wildness and Freedom, pleasant Springs, fresh Herbage,
 Calm Harbours, lusty Health and Innocence,
 Enjoy their Portion; if they see a Man,
 How will they turn together all, and gaze
 Upon the Monster----
 Once in a Season too they taste of Love:
 Only the Beast of Reason is its Slave,
 And in that Folly drudges all the Year.

*Enter Acasto.**Acast.* Castalio! Castalio!*Cast.* Who's thereSo wretched but to name *Castalio*!*Acast.*

Acast. I hope my Message may succeed.

Cast. My Father,

'Tis Joy to see you, tho' where Sorrow's nourisht.

Acast. I'm come in Beauty's Cause; you'll guess the rest.

Cast. A Woman! if you love my Peace of Mind,
Name not a Woman to me; but to think
Of Woman were enough to taint my Brains,
'Till they ferment to Madness! Oh! my Father.

Acast. What ails my Boy?

Cast. A Woman is the thing
I would forget, and blot from my Remembrance.

Acast. Forget *Monimia*!

Cast. She to chuse: *Monimia*!

The very Sound's ungrateful to my Sense. [hide

Acast. This might seem strange; but you I've found will
Your Heart from me; you dare not trust your Father.

Cast. No more *Monimia*!

Acast. Is she not your Wife?

Cast. So much the worse: who loves to hear of Wife?
When you would give all worldly Plagues a Name
Worse than they have already, call 'em Wife:
But a new-married Wife's a seeming Mischief,
Full of her self: Why, what a deal of Horror
Has that poor Wretch to come, that wedded Yesterday?

Acast. *Castalio*, you must go along with me,
And see *Monimia*.

Cast. Sure, my Lord but mocks me:
Go see *Monimia*! Pray, my Lord, excuse me;
And leave the Conduct of this part of Life
To my own Choice.

Acast. I say, no more Dispute.
Complaints are made to me, that you have wrong'd her.

Cast. Who has complain'd?

Acast. Her Brother to my Face proclaim'd her wrong'd,
And in such Terms, they've warn'd me.

Cast. What Terms? her Brother! Heav'n!
Where learnt she that?

What, does she send her Hero with Defiance?
He durst not sure affront you?

Acast. No not much.

But-----

F 2

Cast.

Cast. Speak, what said he?

Acast. That thou wert a Villain:

Methinks I would not have thee thought a Villain.

Cast. Shame on the ill-manner'd Brute;

Your Age secur'd him, he durst not else have said so.

Acast. By my Sword,

I would not see thee wrong'd, and bear it vilely:

Though I have past my Word she shall have Justice.

Cast. Justice! to give her Justice wou'd undo her:

Think you this Solitude I now had chosen,

Left Joys just opening to my Sense, fought here

A Place to curse my Fate in, measur'd out

My Grave at length, wisht to have grown one piece

With this cold Clay, and all without a Cause?

Enter Chamont.

Cham. Where is the Hero famous and renown'd

For wronging Innocence, and breaking Vows;

Whose mighty Spirit, and whose stubborn Heart,

No Woman can appease, nor Man provoke?

Acast. I guess, *Chamont*, you come to seek *Castalio*.

Cham. I come to seek the Husband of *Monimia*.

Cast. The Slave is here.

Cham. I thought ere now to've found you

Attoning for the Ills you've done *Chamont*;

For you have wrong'd the dearest part of him.

Monimia, young Lord, weeps in this Heart;

And all the Tears thy Injuries have drawn

From her poor Eyes are Drops of Blood from hence.

Cast. Then you are *Chamont*?

Cham. Yes, and I hope no Stranger
To great *Castalio*.

Cast. I've heard of such a Man

That has been very busie with my Honour:

I own I'm much indebted to you, Sir,

And here return the Villain back again

You sent me by my Father.

Cham. Thus I'll thank you.

[*Draws.*

Acast. By this good Sword, who first presumes to Violence
Makes me his Foe----

[*Draws and interposes.*

Young Man, it once was thought

[*To Castalio.*

I was fit Guardian of my House's Honour,
And you might trust your Share with me----For you,
[To Cham.

Young Soldier, I must tell you, you have wrong'd me:
I promis'd you to do *Monimia* Right;
And thought my Word a Pledge I would not forfeit:
But you, I find, would fright us to Performance.

Cast. Sir, in my younger Years with Care you taught me,
That brave Revenge was due to injur'd Honour;
Oppose not then the Justice of my Sword,
Lest you should make me jealous of your Love.

Cham. Into thy Father's Arms thou fly'st for Safety,
Because thou know'st the Place is sanctify'd
With the Remembrance of an ancient Friendship.

Cast. I am a Villain if I will not seek thee,
'Till I may be reveng'd for all the Wrongs
Done me by that ungrateful Fair thou plead'st for.

Cham. She wrong'd thee! by the Fury in my Heart,
Thy Father's Honour's not above *Monimia's*;
Nor was thy Mother's Truth and Virtue fairer.

Acast. Boy, don't disturb the Ashes of the dead
With thy capricious Follies: The remembrance
Of the lov'd Creature, that once fill'd these Arms----

Cham. Has not been wrong'd.

Cast. It shall not.

Cham. No, nor shall

Monimia, tho' a helpless Orphan, destitute
Of Friends and Fortune, tho' th' unhappy Sister
Of poor *Chamont*, whose Sword is all his Portion,
Be oppress'd by thee, thou proud imperious Traitor.

Cast. Hah! set me free.

Cham. Come both.

Enter Serina.

Ser. Alas! alas!

The Cause of these Disorders; my *Chamont*!
Who is't has wrong'd thee?

Cast. Now where art thou fled
For shelter?

Cham. Come from thine, and see what Safeguard
Shall then betray my Fears.

Ser. Cruel *Castalio*,
 Sheath up thy angry Sword, and don't affright me :
Chamont, let once *Serina* calm thy Breast ;
 If any of my Friends have done thee Injuries,
 I'll be reveng'd, and love thee better for't.

Cast. Sir, if you'd have me think you did not take
 This Opportunity to shew your Vanity,
 Let's meet some other time, when by our selves
 We fairly may dispute our Wrongs together.

Cham. 'Till then, I am *Castalio*'s Friend.

Cast. Serina,
 Farewel, I wish much Happiness attend you.

Ser. *Chamont*'s the dearest thing I have on Earth ;
 Give me *Chamont*, and let the World forsake me.

Cham. Witness the Gods, how happy I'm in thee !
 No beauteous Blossom of the fragrant Spring,
 Tho' the fair Child of Nature newly born,
 Can be so lovely. Angry, unkind *Castalio*,
 Suppose I should a while lay by my Passions,
 And be a Beggar in *Monimia*'s Cause,
 Might I be heard ?

Cast. Sir, 'twas my last Request,
 You wou'd (though you I find will not) be satisfy'd :
 So in a Word, *Monimia* is my Scorn ;
 She basely sent you here to try my Fears ;
 That was your business.

No artful Prostitute, in Falshoods practis'd,
 To make advantage of her Coxcomb's Follies,
 Could have done more----Disquiet vex her for't.

Cham. Farewel.

[*Ex. Cham. and Ser.*]

Cast. Farewel----My Father, you seem troubled.

Acast. Would I'ad been absent when this boist'rous Brave
 Came to disturb thee thus : I'm griev'd I hinder'd
 Thy just Resentment---But *Monimia*----

Cast. Damn her.

Acast. Don't curse her.

Cast. Did I ?

Acast. Yes.

Cast. I'm sorry for't.

Acast. Methinks, as if I guess the Fault's but small,
 It might be pardon'd. *Cast.*

Cast. No.

Acast. What has she done?

Cast. That she's my Wife, may Heav'n and you forgive

Acast. Be reconcil'd then.

[me.

Cast. No.

Acast. Go see her.

Cast. No.

Acast. I'll send and bring her hither.

Cast. No.

Acast. For my sake,

Castalio, and the quiet of my Age.

Cast. Why will you urge a thing my Nature starts at?

Acast. Pr'ythee forgive her.

Cast. Lightnings first shall blast me.

I tell you, were she prostrate at my Feet,

Full of her Sex's best dissembled Sorrows,

And all that wondrous Beauty of her own,

My Heart might break, but it should never soften.

Enter Florella.

Flor. My Lord, where are you? Oh *Castalio*!

Acast. Hark.

Cast. What's that?

Flor. Oh shew me quickly, where's *Castalio*!

Acast. Why, what's the Business?

Flor. Oh the poor *Monimia*!

Cast. Hah!

Acast. What's the matter?

Flor. Hurry'd by Despair,

She flies with fury over all the House,

Through every Room of each Apartment, crying,

Where's my *Castalio*? give me my *Castalio*!

Except she sees you, sure she'll grow distracted.

Cast. Hah! will she? does she name *Castalio*?

And with such Tenderness? Conduct me quickly

To the poor lovely Mourner. Oh my Father!

Acast. Then wilt thou go? Blessings attend thy purpose.

Cast. I cannot hear *Monimia*'s Soul's in Sadness,

And be a Man; my Heart will not forget her.

But do not tell the World you saw this of me.

Acast. Delay not then, but haste and cheer thy Love.

Cast.

Cast. Oh! I will throw m'impatient Arms about her,
In her soft Bosom sigh my Soul to Peace.

'Till through the panting Breast she finds the way
To mould my Heart, and make it what she will.

Monimia! Oh! [Ex. *Acast.* *Cast.*

Enter Monimia.

Mon. Stand off, and give me room,
I will not rest 'till I have found *Castalio*,
My Wish's Lord, comely as rising Day,
Amidst ten thousand eminently known.
Flowers spring where-e'er he treads, his Eyes,
Fountains of Brightness, chearing all about him!
When will they shine on me?----O stay my Soul!
I cannot die in Peace 'till I have seen him.

Castalio Re-enters.

Cast. Who talks of dying with a Voice so sweet,
That Life's in love-with it?

Mon. Hark! 'tis he that answers;
So in a Camp, though at the dead of Night,
If but the Trumpet's chearful noise is heard,
All at the signal leap from downy Rest,
And every Heart awakes, as mine does now.
Where art thou?

Cast. Here, my Love.

Mon. No nearer, lest I vanish.

Cast. Have I been in a Dream then all this while?
And art thou but the Shadow of *Monimia*!
Why dost thou fly me thus?

Mon. Oh! were it possible that we could drown
In dark Oblivion but a few past Hours,
We might be happy.

Cast. Is't then so hard, *Monimia*, to forgive
A Fault, where humble Love, like mine, implores thee?
For I must love thee, though it prove my Ruin.
Which way shall I court thee?

What shall I do to be enough thy Slave,
And satisfy the lovely Pride that's in thee?
I'll kneel to thee, and weep a Flood before thee,
Yet prythee, Tyrant, break not quite my Heart;
But when my Task of Penitence is done,
Heal it again, and comfort me with Love.

Mon.

Mon. If I am dumb, *Castalio*, and want Words,
To pay thee back this mighty Tenderneſs;
It is becauſe I look on thee with Horror.
And cannot ſee the Man I ſo have wrong'd.

Caſt. Thou haſt not wrong'd me.

Mon. Ah! alas, thou talk'ſt
Juſt as thy poor Heart thinks; have not I wrong'd thee!

Caſt. No.

Mon. Still thou wander'ſt in the Dark, *Caſtalio*;
But wilt ere long ſtumble on horrid Danger.

Caſt. What means my Love!

Mon. Couldſt thou but forgive me!

Caſt. What?

Mon. For my Fault laſt Night; alas, thou canſt not.

Caſt. I can, and do.

Mon. Thus crawling on the Earth
Would I that Pardon meet; the only thing
Can make me view the Face of Heav'n with Hope.

Caſt. Then let's draw near.

Mon. Ah me!

Caſt. So in the Fields,
When the Deſtroyer has been out for Prey,
The ſcatter'd Lovers of the feather'd Kind,
Seeking when Danger's paſt to meet again,
Make moan, and call, by ſuch Degrees approach;
'Till joyning thus they bill, and ſpread their Wings,
Murmuring Love, and Joy, their Fears are over.

Mon. Yet have a Care, be not too fond of Peace,
Leſt in Purſuance of the goodly Quarry,
Thou meet a Diſappointment that diſtracts thee.

Caſt. My better Angel, then do thou inform me,
What Danger threatens me, and where it lies:
Why didſt thou pr'ythee ſmile and tell me why
When I ſtood waiting underneath the Window,
Quaking with fierce and violent Deſires;
The dropping Dews fell cold upon my Head,
Darkneſs enclos'd, and the Winds whiſtled round me;
Which with my mournful Sighs made ſuch ſad Muſick
As might have mov'd the hardeſt Heart; why wert thou
Deaf to my Cries, and ſenſeleſs of my Pains?

Mon.

Mon. Did I not beg thee to forbear Inquiry?
Read'st thou not something in my Face, that speaks
Wonderful Change, and Horror from within me?

Cast. Then there is something yet which I've not known:
What dost thou mean by Horror, and Forbearance
Of mote Inquiry? Tell me, I beg thee, tell me:
And do not betray me to a second Madness.

Mon. Must I?

Cast. If labouring in the Pangs of Death,
Thou would'st do any thing to give me ease;
Unfold this Riddle ere my Thoughts grow wild,
And let in Fears of ugly Form upon me.

Mon. My Heart won't let me speak it; but remember,
Monimia, poor *Monimia* tells you this,
We ne'er must meet again----

Cast. What means my Destiny?
For all my good or evil Fate dwells in thee:
Ne'er meet again!

Mon. No, never.

Cast. Where's the Pow'r
On Earth, that dares not look like thee, and say so?
Thou art my Heart's Inheritance, I serv'd
A long and painful, faithful Slavery for thee:
And who shall rob me of the dear-bought Blessing?

Mon. Time will clear all, but now let this content you:
Heav'n has decreed, and therefore I've resolv'd,
(With Torment I must tell it thee, *Castalio*)
Ever to be a Stranger to thy Love;
In some far distant Country waste my Life,
And from this Day to see thy Face no more.

Cast. Where am I? sure I wander 'midst Enchantment,
And never more shall find the Way to Rest;
But, oh *Monimia*, art thee indeed resolv'd,
To punish me with everlasting Absence?
Why turn'st thou from me? I'm alone already;
Methinks I stand upon a naked Beach,
Sighing to Winds, and to the Seas complaining,
Whilst afar off the Vessel sails away,
Where all the Treasure of my Soul's embark'd;
Wilt thou not turn---Oh could those Eyes but speak,
I should

I should know all, for Love is pregnant in 'em;
 They swell, they press their Beams upon me still:
 Wilt thou not speak? if we must part for ever,
 Give me but one kind Word to think upon,
 And please my self withal, whilst my Heart's breaking.

Mon. Ah poor *Castalio*!

[*Ex. Monimia.*

Cast. Pity, by the Gods,
 She pities me; then thou wilt go eternally?
 What means all this? why all this stir to plague
 A single Wretch? If but your Word can shake
 This World to Atomes, why so much ado
 With me? think me but dead, and lay me so.

Enter Polydore.

Pol. To live, and live a Torment to my self,
 What Dog would bear't, that knew but his Condition?
 We have little Knowledge, and that makes us Cowards,
 Because it cannot tell us, what's to come.

Cast. Who's there?

Pol. Why, what art thou?

Cast. My Brother *Polydore*?

Pol. My Name is *Polydore*.

Cast. Canst thou inform me----

Pol. Of what?

Cast. Of my *Monimia*?

Pol. No. Good-day.

Cast. In haste?

Met'hinks my *Polydore* appears in Sadness.

Pol. Indeed, and so to me does my *Castalio*.

Cast. Do I?

Pol. Thou dost.

Cast. Alas! I've wondrous Reason;
 I'm strangely alter'd, Brother, since I saw thee.

Pol. Why?

Cast. Oh, to tell thee would but put thy Heart
 To pain; let me embrace thee but a little,
 And weep upon thy Neck; I would repose
 Within thy friendly Bosom all my Follies,
 For thou wilt pardon 'em, because th'are mine.

Pol. Be not too credulous, consider first,
 Friends may be false. Is there no Friendship false?

Cast.

Cast. Why dost thou ask me that? does this appear
Like a false Friendship, when with open Arms
And streaming Eyes, I run upon thy Breast?
Oh 'tis in thee alone I must have Comfort!

Pol. I fear, *Castalio*, I have none to give thee.

Cast. Dost thou not love me then?

Pol. Oh, more than Life:

I never had a Thought of my *Castalio*
Might wrong the Friendship we had vow'd together.
Hast thou dealt so by me?

Cast. I hope I have.

Pol. Then tell me why this Mourning, this Disorder?

Cast. Oh, *Polydore*, I know not how to tell thee;
Shame rises in my Face, and interrupts
The Story of my Tongue.

Pol. I grieve, my Friend
Knows any thing which he's ashamed to tell me;
Or didst thou e'er conceal thy Thoughts from *Polydore*?

Cast. Oh! much too oft;
But let me here conjure thee,
By all the kind Affection of a Brother,
(For I'm ashamed to call my self thy Friend)
Forgive me.

Pol. Well, go on.

Cast. Our Destiny contriv'd
To plague us both with one unhappy Love!
Thou like a Friend, a constant generous Friend,
In its first Pangs didst trust me with thy Passion,
Whilst I still smooth'd my Pain with Smiles before thee,
And made a Contract I ne'er meant to keep.

Pol. How!

Cast. Still new ways I study'd to abuse thee,
And kept thee as a Stranger to my Passion,
Till Yesterday I wedded with *Monimia*.

Pol. Ay, *Castalio*, was that well done?

Cast. No, to conceal it from thee, was much a Fault.

Pol. A Fault! when thou hast heard
The Tale I'll tell, what wilt thou call it then?

Cast. How my Heart throbs!

Pol. First, for thy Friendship, Traitor,

I can

I cancel't thus; after this Day I'll ne'er
Hold trust, or converse, with the false *Castilio*:
This, Witness Heav'n.

Cast. What will my Fate do with me?
I've lost all Happiness, and know not why:
What means this Brother?

Pol. Perjur'd treacherous Wretch,
Farewel.

Cast. I'll be thy Slave, and thou shalt use me
Just as thou wilt, do but forgive me.

Pol. Never.

Cast. Oh! think a little what thy Heart is doing;
How from our Infancy we Hand in Hand
Have trod the Path of Life, in Love together;
One Bed has held us, and the same Desires,
The same Aversions still employ'd our Thoughts:
Whene'er had I a Friend, that was not *Polydore's*?
Or *Polydore*, a Foe, that was not mine?
Ev'n in the Womb we embrac'd, and wilt thou now,
For the first Fault, abandon and forsake me,
Leave me amidst Afflictions to my self,
Plung'd in the Gulph of Grief, and none to help me?

Pol. Go to *Monimia*, in her Arms thou'lt find
Repose; she has the Art of healing Sorrows.

Cast. What Arts?

Pol. Blind Wretch, thou Husband! there's a Question;
Go to her fulsome Bed, and wallow there,
Till some hot Ruffian, full of Lust and Wine,
Come storm thee out, and shew thee what's thy Bargain.

Cast. Hold there, I charge thee.

Pol. Is she not a----

Cast. Whore?

Pol. Ay, Whore; I think that Word needs no explaining.

Cast. Alas, I can forgive even this to thee;
But let me tell thee, *Polydore*, I'm griev'd
To find thee guilty of such low Revenge,
To wrong that Virrue which thou couldst not ruin!

Pol. It seems I lye then.

Cast. Should the bravest Man
That e'er wore conquering Sword, but dare to whisper
What

What thou claim'st, he were the worst of Liars:
My Friend may be mistaken.

Pol. Damn the Evasion;
Thou mean'st the worst, and he's a base-born Villain
That said I ly'd.

Cast. Do, draw thy Sword, and thrust it thro' my Heart.
There is no Joy in Life, if thou art lost.
A base-born Villain!

Pol. Yes, thou never cam'st
From old *Acasto's* Loins; the Midwife put
A Cheat upon my Mother, and instead
Of a true Brother, in the Cradle by me
Plac'd some coarse Peasant's Cub, and thou art he.

Cast. Thou art my Brother still.

Pol. Thou ly'st.

Cast. Nay, then: [He draws.
Yet I am calm.

Pol. A Coward's always so.

Cast. Ah---ah---that stings home: Coward!

Pol. Ay, base-born Coward, Villain.

Cast. Thisto thy Heart then, tho' my Mother bore thee.
[*Fight; Polydore drops his Sword, and runs on Castalio's.*

Pol. Now my *Castalio* is again my Friend.

Cast. What have I done! my Sword is in thy Breast.

Pol. So I would have it be, thou best of Men,
Thou kindest Brother, and thou truest Friend. (stice:

Cast. Ye Gods, we're taught, that all your Works are Ju-
Y'are painted merciful, and Friends to Innocence:
If so then why these Plagues upon my Head?

Pol. Blame not the Heav'ns; here lies thy Fate, *Castalio*;
Th'are not the Gods, 'tis *Polydore* has wrong'd thee;
I've stain'd thy Bed, thy spotless Marriage Joys
Have been polluted by thy Brother's Lust.

Cast. By thee!

Pol. By me; last Night the horrid Deed
Was done; when all things slept, but Rage and Incest.

Cast. Now, where's *Monimia*? Oh!

Enter Monimia.

Mon. I'm here, who calls me?
Methought I heard a Voice

Sweet

Sweet as the Shepherd's Pipe upon the Mountains,
When all his little Flock's at feed before him.
But what means this? here's Blood.

Cast. Ay, Brother's Blood;
Art thou prepar'd for everlasting Pains?

Pol. O let me charge thee by th'eternal Justice,
Hurt nor her tender Life!

Cast. Not kill her? Rack me,
Ye Powers above, with all your choicest Torments,
Horror of Mind, and Pains yet uninvented,
If I not practise Cruelty upon her,
And treat Revenge some way yet never known.

Mon. That Task my self have finish'd, I shall die
Before we part; I've drunk a healing Draught
For all my Cares, and never more shall wrong thee.

Pol. Oh, she's innocent.

Cast. Tell me that Story,
And thou wilt make a Wretch of me indeed.

Pol. Hadst thou, *Castalio*, us'd me like a Friend,
This ne'er had happen'd; hadst thou let me know
Thy Marriage, we had all now met in Joy:
But ignorant of that,

Hearing th' Appointment made, intrag'd to think
Thou hadst out-done me in successful Love,
I in the dark went and supply'd thy place;
Whilst all the Night, 'midst our triumphant Joys,
The trembling, tender, kind, deceiv'd *Monimia*,
Embrac'd, caress'd, and call'd me her *Castalio*.

Cast. And all this is the Work of my own Fortune:
None but my self cou'd e'er have been so curst.

My fatal Love, alas! has ruin'd thee,
Thou fairest, goodliest Frame the Gods e'er made,
Or ever human Eyes and Hearts ador'd;
I've murder'd too my Brother.

Why wouldst thou study ways to damn me further,
And force the Sin of Parricide upon me?

Pol. 'Twas my own Fault, and thou art innocent;
Forgive the barbarous Trespas of my Tongue,
'Twas a hard Violence; I cou'd have dy'd
With Love of thee, ev'n when I us'd thee worst;

Nay, at that Word that my Distraction utter'd,
My Heart recoil'd, and 'twas half Death to speak 'em.

Mon. Now, my *Castalio*, the most dear of Men,
Wilt thou receive Pollution to thy Bosom,
And close the Eyes of one that has betray'd thee?

Cast. Oh I'm th' unhappy Wretch, whose cursed Fate
Has weigh'd thee down into Destruction with him;
Why then thus kind to me?

Mon. When I'm laid low i' th' Grave, and quite forgotten,
May'st thou be happy in a fairer Bride;
But none can ever love thee like *Monimia*.
When I am dead, as presently I shall be,
(For the grim Tyrant grasps my Heart already)
Speak well of me; and if thou find ill Tongues
Too busie with my Fame, don't hear me wrong'd;
'Twill be a noble Justice to the Memory
Of a poor Wretch once honour'd with thy Love.
How my Head swims! 'tis very dark. Good night. [*Dies.*]

Cast. If I survive thee! what a Thought was that!
Thank Heav'n I go prepar'd against that Curse.

Enter Chamont, disarm'd, and seiz'd by Acasto and Servants

Cham. Gape Hell, and swallow me to quick Damnation,
If I forgive your House, if I not live
An everlasting Plague to thee, *Acasto*,
And all thy Race. Y'have over-power'd me now;
But hear me, Heav'n! --- Ah! here's the Scene of Death,
My Sister, my *Monimia*! Breathless! now,
Ye Powers above, if y' have Justice, strike,
Strike Bolts thro' me, and thro' the curst *Castalio*.

Acast. My *Polydore*.

Pol. Who calls?

Acast. How cam'st thou wounded?

Cast. Stand off thou hot-brain'd boisterous noisie Ruffian,
And leave me to my Sorrows.

Cham. By the Love

I bore her living, I will ne'er forsake her,
But here remain 'till my Heart burst with sobbing.

Cast. Vanish I charge thee, or--- [*Draws a Dagger.*]

Cham. Thou canst not kill me,
That would be Kindness, and against thy Nature.

Acast.

Acast. What means *Castalio*! Sure thou dost not pull
More Sorrows on thy aged Father's Head.
Tell me, I beg you, tell me the sad cause
Of all this Ruin.

Pol. That must be my Task;
But 'tis too long for one in Pains to tell;
You'll in my Closet find the Story written
Of all our Woes. *Castalio's* Innocent,
And so's *Monimia*, only I'm to blame:
Inquire no farther.

Cast. Thou unkind *Chamont*,
Unjustly hast pursu'd me with thy Hate,
And fought the Life of him that never wrong'd thee:
Now if thou wilt embrace a noble Vengeance,
Come join with me and curse.

Cham. What?

Cast. First thy self,
As I do, and the Hour that gave thee Birth:
Confusion and Disorder seize the World,
To spoil all trust and converse amongst Men;
Twixt Families engender endless Feuds,
In Countries needle's Fears, in Cities Factions,
In States Rebellion, and in Churches Schism:
'Till all things move against the Course of Nature;
'Till Forms dissolv'd the Chain of Causes broken,
And the Originals of Being lost.

Acast. Have Patience.

Cast. Patience! preach it to the Winds,
To roaring Seas, or raging Fires! the Knaves
That teach it laugh at ye, when ye believe 'em.
Strip me of all the common Needs of Life,
Scald me with Leprosie, let Friends forsake me,
I'll bear it all; but curst to the Degree
That I am now, 'tis this must give me Patience:
Thus I find Rest, and I shall complain no more.

[*Stabs himself.*]

Pol. *Castalio*! Oh!

Cast. I come.

Chamont, to thee my Birth-right I bequeath:

Comfort

Comfort my mourning Father, heal his Griefs;

[Acasto faints into the Arms of a Servant.

For I perceive they fall with weight upon him.

And for *Monimia's* sake, whom thou wilt find

I never wrong'd, be kind to poor *Serina*.

Now all I beg, is, lay me in one Grave

Thus with my Love. Farewel, I now am ----- nothing
[Dies.

Cham. Take care of good *Acasto*, whilst I go
To search the Means by which the Fates have plagu'd us.
Tis thus that Heav'n its Empire does maintain,
It may afflict, but Man must not complain.

[Exeunt omnes.

When you have read this
I direct to Mr. C. C. C.
At the house in King Street
Mr. C. C. C. is to be found



When

EPILOGUE

TOU've seen one Orphan ruin'd here, and I
 May be the next, if old Acasto die:
 Should it prove so, I'd fain amongst you find,
 Who 'tis would to the Fatherless be kind.
 To whose Protection might I safely go?
 Is there amongst you no Good-nature? No.
 What should I do? should I the Godly seek,
 And go a Conventicling twice a Week?
 Quit the lewd Stage, and in prophane Pollution,
 Affect each Form and Saint-like Institution.
 So draw the Brethren all to Contribution?
 Or shall I (as I guess the Poet may
 Within these three Days) fairly run away?
 No to some City-Lodgings I'll retire,
 Seem very Grave, and Privacy desire:
 Till I am thought some Heiress rich in Lands,
 Fled to escape a cruel Guardian's Hands;
 Which may produce a Story worth the telling
 Of the next Sparks that go a Fortune-stealing.



~~William H. Lane~~



